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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910.

The Week.

Dispatches from Beverly report that the close friends of the President are entirely in the dark as to what "Roosevelt will do." What this chiefly refers to is the question whether and how far the Colonel will "endorse" the Administration. No one dreams that he will openly attack it, but the fear is that he may conclude to damn it with faint praise. But this is surely to overlook the fact that such a course would be fully as awkward for Roosevelt as for Taft. It must not be forgotten that the Colonel has his reputation to sustain, not only as a politician but as a prophet. He confidently and repeatedly predicted that Mr. Taft would make one of the best Presidents the country had ever had. After the election of 1908, he issued a special bulletin to the nation congratulating it on the supreme wisdom it had shown in accepting the man he had recommended. That work is too recent to be incontinently undone now. And there is another reason why we may expect that Mr. Roosevelt, after he has succeeded, with his accustomed deliberation and painstaking inquiry, in putting himself in possession of the facts, will come out with the heartiest approval of the Administration. He cannot wish to give color to the malicious characterization of him as a man who throws over his friends when they cease to be useful to him or actually get in his way.

The President's order of a few days ago withdrawing 8,500,000 acres of water-power, phosphate, and petroleum lands is now followed by one affecting a still greater area. The new withdrawal covers no less than 35,000,000 acres of coal lands in North and South Dakota, Washington, Utah, Colorado, and Arizona; but in this area is included 14,000,000 acres comprised in withdrawals previously made during the past four years. These latter withdrawals cannot now be disturbed except by express action on the part of the President or of Congress; whereas in former times a mere order by the Secretary of the Interior, which might attract no special attention, was sufficient to undo the act of withdrawal. President Taft's insistence on the passage of the bill which established this condition of things is thus again shown to have been of signal importance.

Senator Bristow appears to have made a happy choice in fixing upon the increase in the duty on manufactures of rubber as an object-lesson in the ways of Aldrich tariff-making. The duty on these manufactures was raised from 30 to 35 per cent., (Mr. Bristow said 25 to 30), while crude rubber was left on the free list. The House had made no change, but Mr. Aldrich's Senate committee put the duty up a notch. It doesn't seem like a very great matter, this change from 30 to 35 per cent., but 5 per cent. may mean a vast amount to the profits of a Rubber Trust, and it is difficult to imagine any other motive for the change than that of increasing those profits. Our imports of manufactured rubber goods were insignificant, even under the old rate, and have fallen still lower under the new, so that revenue could not have been the object; and the claims of anything like legitimate protection must have been satisfied by the old rate, since importation was almost non-existent. The size of the interest involved may be inferred from the fact that the crude rubber imported amounts to more than a hundred million dollars' worth annually.

What Mr. Bristow says about the directorate of the Rubber Trust makes interesting reading. A consolidation of two of the three great rubber companies became effective November 1, 1909, with the following board of directors:

E. B. Aldrich, Nelson W. Aldrich, Herman B. Baruch, Henry A. Bingham, Daniel Guggenheim, S. R. Guggenheim, Paul Morton, Allen A. Ryan, William Sproule.

And on December 6 the third of the companies was absorbed, the board of directors remaining as above, and E. B. Aldrich, son of Senator Aldrich, being elected vice-president and executive head of the corporation. Evidently, the insurrection against the Payne-Aldrich tariff is by no means over. No amount of statistical demonstration that the tariff has been revised downward will avail against particular instances of deliberate outrage, such as those contained in the changes of the cotton schedule and in the retention of the intolerable woollen schedule of the Dingley act. This rubber business is not so serious as those, from the point of view of the burden it places on the people; but it brings up sharply the connection between protection and monopoly, and the connection between tariff extortion and high Republican politics.

Direct-primary advocates have always contended that the existence of the system would often have the effect of frightening a discredited machine so that it would not dare attempt to force on the party an unacceptable candidate. It looks as though the force of this argument were about to be demonstrated in New Hampshire. Winston Churchill has been waging unceasing war on the Boston and Maine Gallinger machine in season and out for the past five years. Twice he has sought the nomination for Governor, but, despite the fact that he has both times had more delegates pledged to him than any other single candidate, the machine leaders have effected combinations that have defeated him. But they could not prevent him from talking, nor could they prevent a loyal and energetic group of men who believed as he did from making their influence felt throughout the State. Finally, last year, after being thrice beaten by the machine, they succeeded in getting a State-wide direct primary law on the statute books. It is to be tried for the first time on September 6. Mr. Churchill is not a candidate this year, but one of his associates is, who has been a progressive or "insurgent" from the beginning of the fight against the machine domination. He stands out now as the "Churchill candidate," seeking the endorsement of his party under the new primary law. And lo! what is happening? The machine leaders are one after the other throwing up their hands and declaring for him, until now it looks as though he would have little if any serious opposition in his own party. All of which must be rather pleasing to Mr. Churchill, who more than any one else has made such an outcome possible.

Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, is like Mr. Gaynor of New

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York in one respect: scarcely a day passes that he does not do some sensible thing in a simple way that no one had thought of before. He has been in office only a little more than two months, yet the Republicans and Democrats who prophesied dire things as a result of his election are joining in his praise. He does not act as they thought a Socialist Mayor would act. He seems to have a high regard for his oath of office, and a wholesome respect for the laws and ordinances of the city, that his Democratic predecessor, David Rose, never even pretended to have. As a German and a Socialist, he was expected to interpret the laws "liberally." Yet under his control the total number of saloons has been cut down considerably by the refusal of licenses to a long list of places which have been notoriously allowed to break in the past the excise regulations with impunity. Last week a hundred of these "protected" places closed their doors in despair. Mayor Seidel is enforcing the liquor laws in the restricted districts—a feat which was supposed to be impossible. He has just now made it clear that the Johnson-Jeffries fight-pictures will not be tolerated in Milwaukee. In many ways, he has bettered conditions in his city. Yet his methods are far from militant. "I don't like to issue orders," he declares. "I prefer to ask for coöperation. And I think that will generally accomplish the desired results." If this be Socialism, make the most of it!

In offering to President Hadley of Yale the chairmanship of the commission created by the new interstate commerce act to investigate the stock and bond issues of railways, President Taft has made a choice of the highest excellence. It is to be hoped that Dr. Hadley will find it possible to accept the offer. Such an inquiry as is proposed for the commission depends for its usefulness on a combination of unquestioned impartiality with high special ability such as it is difficult to obtain. In Dr. Hadley, these requirements are fully met. He has made a lifelong study of railway questions, and is an acknowledged authority upon them; and his broad knowledge of economics in general would be of the utmost value in giving direction to the investigation. That the President's choice should have fallen on such a man is another instance of the immeasurable advance we have made in our standards of appointment.

Promotion of common interests in transportation and commerce, and preservation of good relations between all the countries concerned by adherence to the principle of arbitration, are, of course, the burden of Secretary Knox's instructions to our delegates to the Pan-American Conference. In making particular mention of Nicaragua, he is formally justified by the circumstance that there has been a discontinuance of diplomatic relations between the United States and that country, but, of course, Mr. Knox's real object is to present the grounds on which our recent policy toward Nicaragua has been based, and to invite the sympathy of the other Pan-American delegates for our present attitude in the premises. He sets up a contrast between the situation in Nicaragua and that existing in "the progressive American republics, with stable governments and high ideals for such governments," and expresses entire confidence that these republics have not misconstrued our position. Explicitly the subject can hardly come up at the conference, since it is not included in the programme, and would require a two-thirds vote to be introduced. Moreover, the invitation extended to Mr. Henry White, chairman of our delegation, to make the response on behalf of Pan-America to the opening address by the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, is hardly consistent with the possibility of any widespread desire to challenge the position of the United States.

An Irish Mayor calling upon the fastidious Puritans of Boston to clean up their city physically, and pointing out that their growing habit of throwing litter and refuse into the streets is giving the New England metropolis a bad name for its dirty appearance, is a spectacle not without its humorous aspects. The thing he strikes at is, however, serious enough; and it is not the withers of Boston alone that are wrung. Public untidiness is a national fault. It is more noticeable in cities, by its massing there, than elsewhere, but even the roadsides in the "sweet, pure country" are often terribly unkempt and have the air of being made a convenient dumping-ground. Mr. H. G. Wells, when in this country, was much struck in his railway journeys by the slovenly look of village streets and by the appalling amount of waste matter everywhere flung about. We have so long been used to having all out-doors in which to throw things that we are in danger of forgetting how much like the neighborhood of a Zulu kraal we often make our outlying regions appear.

Gov. Harmon, in his energetic proceeding in the Newark lynching case, is making use of the law which holds local authorities responsible for such outbreaks as recently took place in that city. The Ohio statutes provide the Governor with all the power he needs. Already he has suspended the Mayor of Newark under authority of a law which has been on the statute books for a decade but has never before been enforced. He is proceeding against the sheriff of Licking County under another statute (the Eubanks act) which was passed only a year ago and applies specifically to failure to protect prisoners from lynchers. This law is explicit and mandatory in its provisions. Under it the Governor must suspend a sheriff from whose custody a prisoner is taken and lynched. The author of the law, a negro member of the Legislature from Cleveland, drew it to fit such cases of negro lynching as took place a year or so ago at Springfield. But it is now to be first enforced in connection with the lynching of a white man. It is conceivable that the Eubanks law, like that providing for the suspension of mayors, might have been evaded or ignored. But Gov. Harmon is meeting the situation squarely, and will give a wholesome demonstration in Ohio of the responsibility of local authorities for the enforcement of law and the preservation of order. There is another law, seldom invoked, which is to be vitalized for this occasion. This is the mob-violence law, by which Licking County becomes liable in the sum of $5,000 for the death of the lynched man. The rigid enforcement of these laws ought to have a salutary effect, and Gov. Harmon will deserve the thanks of law-abiding people everywhere for showing how the law can really be made a terror to evil-doers.

The National Education Association, for the first time in its forty-eight years of existence, has elected a woman as its president. The event is the more notable

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from the nature of the claim on which the choice of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young by the delegates was based—the extraordinary distinction of having been chosen as superintendent of public schools in the second greatest of American cities, and the efficiency she has shown in the conduct of that office. If more points were needed to emphasize the character of the event, two might be mentioned, to show how far we are from the days—not long back by the ordinary count of time—when the idea of a woman accomplishing great practical results was still strange in most people's minds. One is that Mrs. Young obtained a university training in middle life, getting the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Chicago at the age of fifty-five; the other is that, while she has been placed at the head of the educational system of Chicago in recognition of exceptional qualifications, the foremost figure in the work of social improvement in the same city is also a woman. And Jane Addams, even more distinctly than Mrs. Young, opened for herself the path to extraordinary usefulness.

The death of Dr. William James Rolfe, even though not unexpected, considering his advanced age, will come as a shock to students of English literature both here and abroad. For the position which Dr. Rolfe occupied was much the same as that held by the late Dr. Furnivall. Both were scholars of untiring activity and enthusiasm, although the positive achievement of neither was of the sort which is termed brilliant. Both, too, did a vast amount to make the pursuit of letters seem worthy and attractive to younger men, and left a heritage of loving devotion to scholarly interests which will not soon be forgotten. It is doubtless as an editor of Shakespeare that Dr. Rolfe is best known, his little brick-colored volumes being as familiar to students throughout the country to-day as, or rather more familiar than, the family Bible. As a scholar, he ranged widely over English literature, editing many of the poets besides Shakespeare. He contributed frequently to newspapers and magazines, and the *Nation* particularly was glad to profit from his minute knowledge of books. His letter "Lest We Forget," published in the *Nation* only two weeks ago, is typical of his habitual method of exacting search for the truth.

The *World* of New York has printed a clear and circumstantial statement, by Representative Martin of Colorado, of the charges relating to the sales of friar lands in the Philippines. It was Mr. Martin whose agitation of the subject brought about the appointment of a Congressional committee to investigate the whole subject; and his statement in the *World* will impress any one who reads it with the necessity of such investigation. Whether the charges he makes will be substantiated upon inquiry remains to be seen; but it cannot be denied that they are clear, straightforward, and specific. That the provision of the organic law of the Philippines forbidding the disposal of more than 2,500 acres of the public domain to any corporation was interpreted by Secretary Wickersham as inapplicable to the friar lands, though there seems to be no sound reason why it should be so inapplicable; that this was to the benefit of the Sugar Trust; that the character of the sale of 55,000 acres of the friar land in the San José estate was concealed through the use of a dummy as purchaser; that, after inquiry began, resort was had to various shifts of evasion and denial; that even if Mr. Wickersham's opinion was correct, another provision of the organic law forbids the *holding* of more than 2,500 acres of land by any agricultural corporation; that this provision is evaded by the land being in the names of individuals connected with the Sugar Trust—these and other charges are set forth in Mr. Martin's statement.

One of the greatest difficulties standing in the way of a peaceful compromise on the House of Lords is the lack of a definite scheme for modifying the composition or organization of that House. Hence, a suggestion on this point made editorially by the London *Economist* is decidedly interesting. Under the plan it brings forward, the membership of the House would be left undisturbed; the double object of correcting its party one-sidedness and of improving its working quality would be accomplished by a delegation of the powers of the House to a legislative committee of 100 or 150 members. Even the "wild Peers" would not be excluded from the right of speaking upon any question on which they might wish to be heard; but the anomaly would be avoided of a host of members who are habitually absent from the House, and who have given no serious attention to public questions, rushing in to vote on grand occasions and overwhelming the body by their numbers. The method of choice of this committee—which would completely take the place of the entire House so far as action is concerned—would be designed both to put the two great parties on an equal footing and to secure a high order of ability, the plan being that each party should elect one-half of the committee, while the Government of the day would have power to "add slightly to its members."

The campaign against depopulation is almost as old in France as the fact of depopulation itself. Its results have not been encouraging. Till within a year or two ago, there was a trifling margin of births over deaths; this has now disappeared, and France faces actual, as well as comparative, retrogression. Nevertheless, the agitation for larger families goes on. A bill just introduced in the Senate, and supported by men like Léon Bourgeois, Alexandre Ribot, Richard Waddington, Alfred Mézières, and Francis Charmes, sought to combine the various schemes that have been suggested for dealing with the problem. The underlying principle is to combat depopulation through the state's employees, who constitute so large a part of the population. The bill provides that no employee of the state over the age of twenty-five shall be retained in the service if unmarried. If a government employee is the father of at least three living children, he shall have preference in promotion and receive an annual bounty of 200 francs for every child after the third and under the age of fifteen. Civil service pensions will provide a bounty of 100 francs annually for every child after the third. It is furthermore provided that every Frenchman who is unmarried at the age of twenty-nine shall be called upon to render extra military service for a long term of years. The laws regulating the distribution of personal estates at death will be repealed. Here is a comprehensive programme which, in spite of the seriousness of the situation that has called it forth, stands little chance of enactment. Its drastic thoroughness is almost as characteristically national as the fact of depopulation itself.

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LOOKING FOR ABLE MEN.

In several States just now there is a sort of Diogenes search not for merely honest but for able men in public life. Massachusetts is said to have gone so sterile in statesmen that there is no one to stand against Senator Lodge except Butler Ames. In Pennsylvania the rival nominees for the Governorship are scarcely known outside their own counties, and are without much honor there; while in Ohio the Republicans are sore put to it to find a man to run against Gov. Harmon who shall not appear ridiculous by comparison. The straits to which New York is reduced need only be mentioned. For months the anxiety of politicians has been to discover a successor to Gov. Hughes who should not provoke all over the State Hamlet's indignant question, "What judgment would step from this to this?"

Now, from all this seeming dearth of men capable of leading, at the very time when they are said to be most in demand, it would be rash to conclude that they do not exist. Ability is one thing, and the emergence of able men in public life is quite another. The latter is more a matter of chance or doubt than the former. The conditions temporarily affecting government service may so discourage citizens with high talent for it that they do not come forward—are perhaps not allowed to come forward. Complaints that we were without a supply of vigorous and compelling statesmen have often been heard in this country; sometimes, just on the eve of a new flowering of political genius. In 1888, Lowell delivered his lecture on "The Independent in Politics," in which he referred to the "growing doubt" whether we were not losing the power to produce men of real initiative and practical sagacity in the science of government. His conclusion was, however: "I believe that there is as much of the raw material of statesmanship among us as there ever was, but the duties levied by the local rings of majority-manufacturers are so high as to prohibit its entrance into competition with the protected article." Similarly to-day no competent observer really questions the existence of political talent; the main difficulty is to render the career for it open.

Without falling back upon the comfortable but fallacious assurances that the hour always produces the man, the crisis the hero, we may yet gain a certain confidence from noting that we do now and then find hid treasure in unexpected places; that men whose fame becomes nation-wide start up suddenly out of obscurity. The country is just now called upon to mourn a Chief Justice who had been for twenty-two years at least a capable head of our highest court. Yet when he was appointed the scornful cry was pretty general in the press: "Who is this man Fuller?" Before, when President Grant named a Chief Justice, it had been: "Who is this man Waite?" The two cases show that we have undeveloped resources of ability as well as minerals. Take the instance of Hughes himself. Ten years ago he was absolutely unknown, except to a small circle of friends who were aware of his extraordinary powers. But that they should ever be put at the service of the public appeared then wholly improbable; and that they really came to be must be regarded as in the nature of a political accident. Yet it is entirely credible that ability like his exists in many a law-office, or in some study or counting-room, which we could draft for government work if we only knew how to find it and set it free.

True genius is said infallibly to fight its way to the front, in politics as everywhere else. This, of course, is merely to confuse genius with success; yet we are bound to take knowledge of the fact that able men with honorable political ambition have the struggle made easier for them by examples of success—or of failure. The trail which Hughes has blazed is so plain that even a wayfaring New York politician cannot err therein. Any man in the State who aspires to rise to anything like the popularity and the power that Gov. Hughes has conquered, cannot fail to see along just what road opportunity beckons. And, conversely, in Massachusetts, the present intense dislike of Lodge and the search for a real Senator to displace him indicate the things that must be avoided if a secure place in the honor and affection of that State is to be won. Should the coming contest result in the election of a Senator as little in the public eye now as Sumner was when first chosen, he would know, from the unpopularity of Mr. Lodge, that Massachusetts desired a representative in the United States Senate who would treat his work there with less of the air of a literary trifler, and who would not wreak so much of his strength upon the creation of a personal machine that he had little left for the drudgery of legislation.

Among the circumstances that help to bring forward extraordinary men is dissatisfaction with the commonplace type. Discontent is often, even in politics, a condition of achievement. And it is evident that there never was a time when the people were more out of humor with the ordinary run of politicians than they are to-day. The very fact that the electors are so generally looking for public servants who shall tower like Saul from the shoulders and upwards above the hacks and the time-servers, is a ground for hope that such exceptional men will be found. Certainly, the appeal and the rewards were never greater in our public life. This being so, we may reasonably expect that here and there throughout the country men of unusual ability will grasp the skirts of circumstance and show to their grateful fellow-citizens that there is a sure reserve among us of courage and force to apply to our governmental problems.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN IN MANCHURIA

Behind the Russo-Japanese convention which was signed at St. Petersburg on Monday of last week, rumor persists in scenting a treaty of alliance between the two nations. It is not necessary to accept such an hypothesis as a fact in order to recognize that harmonious relations between the two late antagonists in the Far East are now clearly reëstablished. Against the probability of a Russo-Japanese defensive and offensive alliance are the two reasons that such an arrangement is neither necessary, nor, at such a short remove from the Treaty of Portsmouth, conceivable. Alliances are not cemented as rapidly as the political wiseacres would have us believe. It is one thing for a defeated nation to accept the results of war as a *fait accompli*. It is another thing for two combatants to execute a complete about-face and join hands for war against those who are now their friends. For that is what an alliance necessarily means. It must be an alliance against somebody, whether that somebody be nominated in the bond or left to be unmistakably understood. But, in spite of all that has been said about the cooling friendship between Japan and Great

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Britain, it is unimaginable that the latter should be the Power Japan aims at. For one thing, Russia would be a broken reed to Japan in a contest with England. For another thing, Russia and Great Britain are now on the most amicable terms.

It is safest, therefore, to take the latest convention between Japan and Russia for just what it purports to be—an agreement for friendly coöperation in Manchuria, where the two Powers hold so predominant a position. The compact is the latest step in a series of agreements following upon the Treaty of Portsmouth. That instrument left important commercial and other economic questions for later settlement. Among these was the Pacific fisheries question, which was disposed of in the convention of July 30, 1907, the terms of which are now explicitly reaffirmed. The complexities of the Far Eastern situation require that, in any formal agreement between two Powers, the basic principles of China's territorial integrity and of equal opportunity for all nations shall be reiterated. This was done in 1907, and is done again to-day. It is a formula; but in the absence of specific evidence of an intention on the part of the contracting parties to violate its terms, the formula must be accepted as sufficient. It is a formula that we meet in all diplomatic arrangements regarding China. It occurs in the 1907 agreement between Japan and France and in the exchange of notes between this country and Japan in November, 1908. Following upon Japan's arrangements with France and the United States, this new agreement with Russia comes, evidently not as a menace to the peace of the world, but as the latest link in a chain of international *ententes* that are working decidedly for peace.

The Russo-Japanese agreement of July 30, 1907, left the Manchurian railways question undisposed of. With this subject the present convention deals. If the anxious gaze of a critic discerns therein only another "of a series of documents by which the two Powers seek to apportion Manchuria for exploitation by themselves to the exclusion of other nations," proof of this must be directed toward specific acts and policies. The fact remains that Russia and Japan are contiguous railway owners in Manchuria, and that the formulation of an harmonious railway policy between the two is a very natural procedure. True, there is a clause in the agreement which to the suspicious eye might suggest something like an alliance. It is provided that "in case events occur of such a nature as to menace the *status quo*, the contracting Powers will enter into communication, with the object of agreeing on measures for the maintenance of the *status quo*." But it is necessary only to turn to the Takahira agreement between this country and Japan to find analogous proof of a Japanese-American alliance: "Should any event occur threatening the *status* as above described, or the principle of equal opportunity as above defined, it remains for the two governments to communicate with each other in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it as useful to take." Reading between the lines, it is one of those commendable arguments that work both ways.

As between the interests of the peace of the world and the interests of American trade in Manchuria, it is no treason to assert that the former are the more important. For that reason the steady improvement in Russo-Japanese relations can cause only the widest satisfaction. That the two nations mean to discriminate against American enterprise in Manchuria has yet to be proved. That the two nations have turned their backs on all wild talk of a resumption of hostilities in the Far East is pretty definitely established. The Russian jingo may continue to threaten a war of *revanche*, and the Japanese fire-eater may clamor for new victories in Manchuria. The two Governments have recognized that peace is what they both need. Russia dare not go to war again, at the risk of stirring up anew the fires of revolution. Japan needs time to assimilate what she has already won. There is significance, for instance, in the fact that the conclusion of an agreement with Russia should come almost simultaneously with the complete assumption by Japan of the task of preserving order in Korea. The latter step has been regarded as tantamount, or at least as preliminary, to annexation. That Russia, far from protesting, should be engaged in treaty-making with the master of Korea, shows how completely the Czar's Government has accepted the result of the late war.

THE FIGHT ON THE COLLEGES.

"There is no spectacle in American life to-day more pitiful than the contrast between what the college advertises to do and what it performs." "The teaching by our college professors is the poorest in the country." "The average third-year boy in the high school is more able to think, discuss, and express an idea than the average college student two years older." "The young man learns in college that he need not work, he comes to regard his college as a social and sporting club." "Colleges with their narrow and false ideals of culture, . . . their domination has reached a degree of intolerable impertinence." "The high schools in desperation have been drawing a line of cleavage between those fitting for college and those who are not. This is unnecessary, unfitting, and undemocratic."

These are not extracts from an article in a muckraking magazine; they are taken from two addresses delivered last week at the meeting in Boston of the department of secondary education of the National Education Association; one by the principal of a New York high school, the other by the State superintendent of public schools in Wisconsin. What was in view in the last of the above quotations may be judged from a resolution, almost unanimously adopted at the meeting, declaring in favor of the recognition as electives in college-entrance requirements "of all subjects well taught in the high schools"; some of the subjects especially mentioned in the preamble being manual training, "commercial branches," and agriculture, and the requirement of two languages other than English being expressly objected to. And the situation presented both by the addresses from which we have quoted, and by the resolutions adopted with virtually no dissenting vote, is one with which our college presidents, and all persons interested in college education, will do well to reckon promptly and seriously.

For that situation represents the culmination of a wave of criticism and restlessness which in large measure owes its strength and volume to what we cannot but feel has been a want of perception, on the part of many of our leading college presidents especially. To be conscious of deficiencies, ready to admit them and anxious to remedy them, is one thing; it is quite another thing to assume a position of apologetic defence,

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to talk as though the faults of the college were all there was in the institution, to declare that the college is useless unless it devotes itself to a task quite other than that for which it has stood in the past. Yet this is essentially the attitude in which a number of our leading college presidents have allowed themselves to be placed. They should have known—we hardly think they can have actually realized it—that such talk as this means not the improvement of the college, but its abolition; not greater efficiency in attaining the aims to which it has historically been devoted, but the abandonment of those aims. School superintendents and high-school principals who regard the ideals of culture nourished at our colleges as "narrow and false," may perhaps be right; they at least have the courage of their convictions when they say so. But what is quite certain is that the time has come when college presidents and others who are not prepared to accept this doctrine should look the question in the face and show the courage of *their* convictions also.

Now, in simple truth, a great deal of the talk about colleges by such persons as those from whom we have quoted is merely rubbish. There are, of course, young men who go to college and don't work, but to talk as though this were true of all of them, or of a majority of them, is to fly in the face of the simplest observation. The greater part of the young men in our colleges work as hard at their studies as can reasonably be expected. As for the superiority of the third-year high-school boy to the college youth two years older, this is, of course, a mere *ex parte* assertion. And the terrible hardship of differentiating between courses designed to be followed by a college training and those that are not rests, so far as we can see, upon the idea that a college has no rights that a true democrat is bound to respect. It may be that the objects which a college pursues are not worth pursuing; but so long as it does pursue them, it must of necessity demand, on the part of entering students, such preparation as is necessary for their attainment.

On the subject of the injury done to secondary schools by the dominant part played by college entrance examinations much might reasonably be said. The need of taking the examinations into account does unquestionably hamper many an earnest and enthusiastic teacher, and prevents him from giving to his students all that he might give through a freer play of his individuality. It is probable that ways and means might be found by colleges to lessen this evil. But the question to which these outbursts of hostility or contempt direct attention is far deeper than this. They touch not college methods, but college aims. They challenge the underlying idea of college education. And they are but a proclamation, in plain language and in loud tones, of what has been vaguely implied or timidly or unconsciously expressed in many an utterance of men in the highest places in the college world. Like all human institutions, the American college is full of imperfections; like them all, it has to undergo change with the passage of time. But it should not bow humbly to every passing wind of popular doctrine. It has a history of which it has ample reason to be proud; it has deserved well of the country, and the work that it has been doing there is still need for it to do. Agricultural schools, industrial schools, technological schools, have grown up alongside of it, and other kinds of schools may be equally necessary, and may meet the needs of a far greater number of individuals. There is no compulsion on any one to go to college, nor is it desirable that every one should have a college education. But out of the thousands who have had this opportunity, a very large proportion have derived from it something that they could not otherwise have got, something that they have prized as an invaluable possession to themselves, and something that has supplied to the country an element without which American life would have been immeasurably poorer. Nor do the confident but reckless assertions of educational muckrakers furnish any reason for believing that the day of its usefulness is past, or for abandoning that spirit of loyalty to the traditions of culture which, until very recently, has been the general possession of our college men.

AN ATHLETIC SCHOLAR.

Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, whose death we had to record last week, had been for two generations a frequenter of the reading-room of the British Museum. Perhaps no scholar of the age was so widely acquainted and so generally beloved. He added to the diligence of the text-critic the enthusiasm of the administrator. Publishing societies sprang up in his wake. The Early English Text Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Chaucer, Browning, and Shelley Societies represent merely a part of his activities in this field. As general editor for these bodies he associated with himself the best talent of England, America, and the Continent. Toward his fellow-workers he was of unfailing helpfulness. Stationed at the British Museum, he was the eyes for scores of students and their ultimate court of appeal. A sound instinct led him to lay chief stress upon the literal reproduction of manuscripts. The work done under his charge is of permanent value, since it avoids both the dilettantism of the Old English publishing societies and the perverse ingenuity of the German compilers of bedevilled texts miscalled critical. The judgment of the man was as remarkable as his friendliness and diligence.

His personality was indomitably picturesque. In the sober precincts of the British Museum his ruddy face and silver hair and beard, surmounting a scarlet tie, were about the most stimulating spectacle there offered. A lifetime spent largely in the close labor of reading proofs and collating manuscripts had not subdued him. Toward his antiquarian researches he kept an always fresh romantic enthusiasm. In the unpublished records and literature of old England he saw a duty to be fulfilled, but what really fascinated him was the glimpse of a life more racy, freer from cant, more variously interesting than our own. The sense that we may learn much from what we regard as the crude conditions of our English ancestors he expressed in a hundred prefaces. It was a faith that he shared with William Morris, a conviction that made him throw himself into Ruskin's movement for a working man's college. Many will regret that he never published at length his opinions on the exemplary value of mediæval crafts. A life spent in superintending and often in doing other men's work made such a study impossible. Perhaps it was better, after all, to strike a spark here and there amid the dry material of scholarship.

A part of Dr. Furnivall's youthfulness of spirit was due to his love of the open. There was no more familiar figure on

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the Thames above Richmond, or, in summer-time, on the Isis. As he sculled vigorously past he was smilingly greeted as Father Thames. Characteristically, he combined his favorite recreation with a philanthropy. For years he directed a rowing club for shop-girls. By way of this club some of his foreign associates have made a perplexed entrance into English society, for it was not Dr. Furnivall's way to vouchsafe unnecessary explanations. When his friends desired to celebrate his seventieth birthday they naturally provided the customary *Festschrift*, but they could think of no more acceptable personal gift to add than a Clasper double scull. Some of them had the good luck to occupy the forward seat, and we warrant it was no easy task to follow the stroke of the octogenarian host. He was an unconventional spirit, with a vivid sense of reality. His very writing had something bristling about it; his zest, or, more rarely, his scorn, frequently broke through the orderly surface of his argument; he was volcanic after the fine Victorian tradition. Yet with the friendliness he so readily showed to all comers, he was essentially a reserved man. His contacts were by preference professional, but surely there was scope enough for delightful if impersonal intimacies in a profession that comprised all English antiquity. For many a visiting scholar the pleasantest thing in London was to stroll out from the Museum and take tea with Dr. Furnivall. Now that he is gone, the pull of the great city will be for scores of his associates sensibly weakened.

By a sort of irony, his least valuable work is that which most fully enlisted his ardor—his Shakespearean investigations. His real monument is the publications of the Chaucer Society. He not merely accomplished almost single-handed the editing of the chief manuscripts, but arranged the reprints with utmost ingenuity to serve the ends of comparison. Of its sort, the work is definitive, and Dr. Furnivall's name will not be forgotten until Chaucer himself fails to attract scholars.

A STUDY OF THE JESUITS.

PARIS, July 1.

"Les Jésuites" (Armand Colin, 387 pages, 4 francs) is a French translation of the German work of H. Boehmer, professor at the University of Bonn. It demands particular mention because of the eighty pages of introduction and the notes by Gabriel Monod of the Institut de France. These constitute a veritable pronouncement:

> A very large number of questions of religious history remain little or ill-known. In the front rank of the ill-known should be placed the history of the Society of Jesus. Hardly ever has it been spoken of with serenity and impartiality; and nothing is more difficult than to know its history with exactness (vi, vii).

Professor Monod's Protestant heritage, his relation to Michelet, his work on the *Revue Historique*, his two dozen years of forming university professors of history in the famous Ecole Normale, his lectures at the Collège de France and practical instruction at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and countless writings of historical research have given him a unique position among students of history. Little or much as one may agree with him, the initiative he has taken so courageously is sure to have consequences far beyond the present significant, but still essentially defective, work. In truth the fact so frankly acknowledged by Professor Monod enters into a larger fact of immensely wider import. The particular existence of the Society of Jesus comprises altogether less than four centuries; and it has never been more than a single phenomenon of the general existence of the Church in which the Roman Catholic religion is embodied. Its birth and inheritance from the past, its principles, inspiration, and practice, its works, conflicts, triumphs, and defeats, are only subordinate incidents in the history of Roman Catholicism. It is not too much to say that all such history—and not that of the Jesuits alone—has regularly been written for edification or for controversy, always by a friend or by a foe, never by Plato's "spectator of all time and all existence." Professor Monod assigns to the Society of Jesus, for the whole course of its history, "millions of members." From his own and Professor Boehmer's scattering statistics, it is mathematically impossible there should have been one half-million of Jesuit priests all told from the foundation of the order until now, while students belonging to the order (who are apt to be counted twice, since they regularly became priests), and lay brothers have not been numerous enough to make up with the priests a single million in the four centuries. The total number for any one year, in times of prosperity and active foreign missions, has ranged from 10,000 to 25,000. These are the only Jesuits whose existence has been sanctioned by the church in the constitutions of the society.

Professor Monod lays too much stress on the secrecy in which the Jesuit archives are kept: "No one, outside of the Society, knows even where they are to be found" (vii). As a matter of fact, it is surprising how much of the matter in the volumes which the society itself is now publishing of its history in Spain, France, Germany, and Italy is drawn from sources accessible to any student properly prepared for the study of such subjects. Yet the singularly incomplete bibliography in the present work notes this as "a sort of official history of the society, composed from documents of its archives and of very scientific character." Professor Boehmer has used the only volumes yet published in his chapters on the early society, after which he skips over whole centuries, perhaps from lack of material. Fundamental works, such as Suarez's "De Religione Societatis Jesu," seem not to have been consulted by Professors Boehmer and Monod. They even leave aside the formula *Quicumque* ("Whoso wishes to serve as a soldier under the standard of the Cross"), which was presented to the Pope by Ignatius of Loyola and inserted in the bull of approbation as expressing the essence of the Society of Jesus.

Perhaps the most striking effort made by Professor Monod to be fair to the Jesuits is found in his section on "casuistry and their moral teaching" (xlivlii). This is the oldest and most notorious subject of controversy in Jesuit history. Traces of it are found in the English king's public repudiation at his coronation of all "evasion, equivocation, mental reservation," or any possible Pope's "dispensation" for calling himself a Protestant without really being so; in Shakespeare's Macbeth, where Maeterlinck (like Voltaire, a Jesuit college boy) turns English "equivocator" into French *"jésuite"*; in the popular idea that a Jesuit is a man holding that the end justifies any means; in the Terror of the French Revolution when a partisan of Robespierre was charged with employing "Jesuitical means"; down to the French political elections of May, 1910, when Professor Painlevé of the Institut de France, to win his seat in Parliament, hurled against the rival candidate as his last electioneering epithet—*triste et répugnant jésuite*.

In all this Professor Boehmer's text shows little understanding of his subject, and here as elsewhere there are enormous gaps in his knowledge of the facts. Professor Monod recognizes that casuistry is not an invention of the Jesuits; that it is not enough to bring into Parliament, as Paul Bert did, a manual of moral theology written by a Jesuit but used the world over in countless Catholic seminaries where no Jesuits ever teach, and to style extracts chosen baldly from it "Morale des Jésuites"; and that there have been *casuistes laxistes* like Alphonse de Liguori who were not Jesuits. Paul Bert's manuals, by the way, classify Liguori technically, between "proba-

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biliorists" and "probabilists," as an "equi-probabilist," whereas a "laxist" in their sense ought to be an extreme probabilist; and the manuals admit the *probabilis opinio* (which Professor Monod limits to the anti-Catholic controversial sense *approuvable*) only where there is no certain knowledge on which to base a judgment of what is right and what is wrong. A thousand years before Jesuits existed this had been a universal axiom in law—*Lex incerta non obligat*. Newman has introduced Liguori to English readers in his "Apologia"; and the Anglican Bishop Butler long before familiarized English thought with probability as the guide of life; and John Stuart Mill insists on the use of probable judgments as essential in all moral sciences, while much in Pascal's "Provinciales" would apply to Dr. Johnson equally with Jesuits.

Professor Boehmer is faithful to the habits of mind against which Professor Monod's Introduction is a protest. Liguori's canonization (1839) and his elevation to the rank of Doctor of the Church (1871) have "consecrated officially the traditional methods of the society's casuistry, as models for the science of moral theology"; and these two events are for him "results of the indefatigable activity of the order" (page 283). This ignores the rival society of Redemptorists, founded by Liguori himself, and, from the history of Bismarck's *Culturkampf*, apparently active enough to take care of its own glories. But—and this is the real lesson for all who can read between the lines of Professor Monod's Introduction—Jesuits still crop up as the *deus ex machina* in all controversies, political, and religious alike, against Roman Catholics.

In the particular history of Jesuits, as distinct from that of Roman Catholics in general, the chief value of the present work is again to be found in Professor Monod's few pages. Even he uses, though with apologies, the controversial word *initié* for what French Catholics call *retraitant* and the English *exercitant*, that is, the person who follows the "spiritual exercises" of St. Ignatius Loyola. This is not so bad as Carlyle casting Werner into certain magical "exercitations"; but it makes a mystery of something very commonplace wherever Jesuits perform their ministry of "retreats" or "missions." Even Catholic writers have not noticed the historical descent of John Wesley's "revivals" from such retreats and missions.

It is probably due to preconceived general principles that neither Professor Monod nor Professor Boehmer adverts to something which drew the attention of Sir James Mackintosh a century ago and appears in our own time in the direction given by Leo XIII to Catholic political teaching, namely, the introduction into modern thought by Jesuit authors like Suarez, in spite of the determined opposition of Sorbonne and Parlements, of a fundamental modern idea. This is that, however much all authority may come from God, all national sovereignty receives its authority through the people. The influence of such Jesuit writers on European thought from James I of England to Grotius, seems unknown to our authors. They similarly pass over the stimulus given to physical science by Boscovich's centres of force. In education they do not recognize that the formation of nearly all modern prose dates from the Humanist teaching of Jesuit colleges. In all this, the necessity of reducing Jesuit activity to the negation of liberty of every kind (lxxvii) stands in the way of that impartial judgment which Professor Monod desiderates. Lalande, who has seen the Jesuit at work, in a curious discourse indexed by Aulard, took up the defence of their teaching before the Revolution was fairly over in France.

Professor Monod has had the intellectual courage to give this introduction to the world. He need not be surprised if it should have far-reaching results, not unlike those which followed the publishing of a like courageous essay in English literature—Newman's Tract Ninety. If, like that celebrated document, Professor Monod's introduction is the sign of an intellectual reaction against anti-Roman Catholicism, it is because history, which has been written as controversy, will always have such rebounds when found out. Macaulay, in the famous passage cited entire by Professor Monod, gives out first, all that he has heard in favor of the Jesuits and then all that he has heard against them—and asks you to believe the two can exist together in the same human individuals. The general reader and the historical student find it difficult to accept such identity of contradictories, and Professor Monod, although he repeats the accepted anti-Catholic formulas, seems to agree with them. S. D.

LIBRARIANS AND BIBLIOGRAPHERS AT MACKINAC.

CHICAGO, July 7.

"How is it with coöperation in the handling of human beings?" asked Mr. Hodges in his presidential address to the assembled members of the American Library Association last Friday; and he continued:

> The public libraries have been called into existence in industrial communities apparently to assist in relieving the strain arising from the monotony of modern industrial employment. Playgrounds, sensational journalism, dance halls, moving-picture shows, ball games, sunshine societies, social settlements, are all coadjutors. It would be well if some day we were to have a co-operative conference, at which we should lay aside, for the most part, consideration of our administrative snags, and have heart to heart talks with those who are answering in such varied ways the unspoken appeals of the lever haulers and the pedal kickers.

As a matter of fact, the present conference was in a measure an attempt in the indicated direction. A large part of the general session was devoted to matters of recreation, for librarians and others, and an illustrated lecture on Playgrounds was given by Graham Romeyn Taylor of Chicago. The most notable address given before the librarians in session was that of Prof. Charles Hubbard Judd, of the University of Chicago School of Education, on "The Library and the School." He came as a representative of the National Education Association, and spoke in no uncertain tones of the great value of the library to the pupils in the public schools, and the importance of their learning thoroughly how to use a library. He wished that the present study hours in the class-rooms, in the presence and under the supposed supervision of a teacher, could be changed to library hours, where the pupils, under the guidance of a school librarian with wide knowledge of books, could be led away from the thralldom of the text-books and learn to use books as tools. Professor Judd's address evidently made a deep impression and gave the library workers much encouragement, particularly in view of the lack of interest in the subject that had been shown at the latest meeting of the National Education Association.

Mr. Hodges remarked, in opening one of the general sessions, that, whereas the keynote of the Bretton Woods Conference last year was coördination, that of this year's might be said to be affiliation; and, truly, the affiliated societies were very much in evidence: the National Association of State Libraries held two sessions, besides one in conjunction with the American Association of Law Libraries; while the latter had not less than three sessions in addition to this; the Special Libraries Association had also three sessions, the League of Library Commissioners two, and there were two meetings of the Agricultural Libraries' Round Table; two informal discussions were held outside the official programme of those interested in branch libraries. It is apparently increasingly difficult to keep a hold on the various interests and movements centred in the American Library Association, even if the ramifications of librarians into the other fields of sociological endeavor be left to one side.

Besides the independent associations affiliated with the American Library Association, meetings were held by the various sections of the association itself. The Children's Librarians' Section discussed not only books for children,

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but children's gardens and other means of recreation that apparently had no connection with library work; the College and Reference Section discussed the relations between college libraries and public libraries; and the coöperative cataloguing of serials carried on by five large libraries under the auspices of the A. L. A. Publishing Board was presented to the assembled college and university librarians by Clement W. Andrews of the board. At the Professional Training Section an animated discussion took place concerning the essentials of a good library school. Whereas one speaker would have technique and business methods the essential studies, another opined that the essential thing might be books; and the suggestion was thrown out that the schools might well demand more than mere college degrees for admission: a few years of university work would not, it was thought, hurt a prospective librarian.

The Bibliographical Society of America held, as usual, its annual meeting at the same time as the American Library Association. The president of the society, Azariah S. Root, after calling the society to order at its first session, delivered an address about the "Present Situation as to the Origin of Printing," in which he surveyed the results of the investigations of the last thirty years, beginning with J. H. Hessels's book on Gutenberg, published in 1882, and the first really critical examination of the documents, and ending with the very remarkable discoveries made since the celebration in 1900 of the five hundredth anniversary of the inventor's birth. It would be important, the speaker said, if the same kind of minute typological investigation that has been given to the Gutenbergiana could be given to the so-called Kosteriana, and he added that, if no one else took up this matter, he should do so at the first opportunity. Prof. Colbert Searles of Stanford University sent in a paper on "The Library of Jean Chapelain and its Catalogue," and L. J. Burpee read a paper on "The Literature of the Fur Trade."

The second session of the society was devoted to a discussion of the Bibliography of Modern Languages and Literatures, and was preceded by a statement, by J. Christian Bay of the John Crerar Library, entitled "A Survey of Periodical Bibliography," in which he deprecated the duplication of bibliographical efforts in so many subjects, although, at the same time, many gaps may be found in these same subjects, while other subjects are entirely neglected by the bibliographer. The principal contribution to the subject under discussion was a paper sent in by Prof. Clark S. Northup of Cornell University, entitled "The Present Status of the Bibliography of Modern Philology." After enumerating the principal retrospective as well as current bibliographies, and giving for some of them the classification of the material used in them, Professor Northup turned to the future. "Obviously," he wrote, "if we are to make, in modern philology, progress commensurable with our progress in other branches of science, the present largely unsatisfactory bibliographical conditions cannot continue." Among the unsatisfactory conditions he, too, mentioned duplication. He doubted whether the present existing bibliographies could be made better. "We need, it seems to me, a new bibliographical enterprise, in which some twenty-five or fifty scholars and professional bibliographers should join, and which should have its headquarters at some great geographical centre, American rather than British or German, and, in America, in Chicago rather than in New York." A number of representatives of modern language studies at leading American universities had submitted, at the request of the secretary of the society, short, written statements of their views regarding the bibliography of their particular field. W. N. C. Carlton read a summary of these statements. Among the desiderata brought out in these letters may be mentioned the following: J. F. Spingarn and F. I. Carpenter desire a comprehensive bibliographical history of English literature, on the pattern of Goedeke's "Grundriss" or Teuffel-Schwab's "Geschichte der Römischen Literatur"; J. M. Manly puts in the first place a bibliography of bibliographies of English philology, and in the second a bibliography of current philological publications; this latter desideratum is also brought forth by H. P. Thieme, while W. V. Lawrence desires the same for his particular field, the history of the drama. J. W. Cunliffe and W. P. Trent want a new Lowndes on modern lines, perhaps accompanied by a new edition of Halkett and Laing; A. C. von Noe desires better treatment for the output of American scholars; J. F. Spingarn and A. R. Hohlfeld ask for more attention to translations; J. Scott Clark says that literary criticism is the department that is "in most serious need of attention"; and, finally, A. P. Thieme and A. C. von Noe see the solution in a central bureau.

Professor Northup suggested a joint committee of the Bibliographical Society of America and the Modern Language Association to work out the financial and other details of his plan; Mr. Bay closed his paper by suggesting a committee "to investigate the scope, manner of publication, and relative utility of existing bibliographies, 'Jahresberichte,' and reviews." Both recommendations were accepted by the society and referred to the council for consideration and action. The council afterwards decided to make only one committee, to charge it both with the investigation of existing bibliographies and with the study of the ways and means for a bibliographic bureau for modern philology; the committee will be asked to begin its investigation of the bibliographical field with a study of modern philological bibliography. W. Dawson Johnston was elected president of the society, and A. G. S. Josephson, Carl B. Roden, and W. N. C. Carlton re-elected, respectively, secretary, treasurer, and librarian.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A Bibliography of the writings of J. A. McNeill Whistler and the books about him, by a New Yorker, Don C. Seitz, has just been printed and published in Edinburgh. It is a 16mo volume of nearly 200 pages, printed in an edition of 350 copies on hand-made paper. Among other facts of interest, the introduction contains an account of the first publication of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," which Mr. Seitz calls "the true starting point in Whistler literature." The book was first put in type for Sheridan Ford, a one-time close friend of Whistler, at the Leadenhall Press, by Field & Tuer; and plates were made. No impressions had been taken, when the printer learned that Mr. Whistler objected to the publication of the book, and it was suppressed. Next, Ford carried his manuscript to Antwerp, and there found a printer who once more put it into type, and two thousand copies were printed, when the Procureur du Roi confiscated both types and paper. No copy of either of these two editions is known to exist. Next, in Ghent, was printed the first edition of which any copy is extant. This had the imprint "Paris, Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." Mr. Seitz's own copy is, he says, the only one he has seen, although 4,000 copies were printed. This number probably included the copies for the American market, with the New York imprint of "Frederick Stokes & Brother." A few copies with this imprint have survived, but many were destroyed in a bindery fire. These printings were all surreptitious and unauthorized. Ford's persistence, however, compelled Whistler himself to print the book, and this he did, the same year, 1890. There are copies on both large and small paper.

The "Writings by Whistler" include only thirty-one numbers (books and editions), but the books and articles about Whistler, or containing references to him, run far into the hundreds. The total number of entries in the Bibliography is 772, of which about five hundred are articles or references in magazines and newspapers.

A misprint, "Joseph Parnell" for Joseph Pennell, whose name appears so often in such a bibliography, is an extraordinary error, but easily overlooked.

Bishop Gott's Four Folios of Shakespeare, which were bought in for £3,850 when his library was sold at Sotheby's in March, 1907, will be again offered in the same rooms in a sale to take place on July 21 and 22. It is probable that this time they will be sold without reserve. The First Folio is a good sound copy; the leaf of verses is guarded, one corner of title is in fascimile, and some other leaves are mended. The Third Folio is the 1663 issue, without the por-

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trait, on title. The seven spurious plays have been added—they do not properly belong with this issue. The Second and Fourth Folios are described as good copies.

Among other books from the Gott library which were, apparently, bought in at the sale, and which are now offered again, are: "The Merchant of Venice" (1600), the Roberts quarto; Spenser's "Complaints" (1591), on large paper, supposed to be unique; three editions of the Edward VI Prayer Book, and other liturgical works.

Other properties in the sale include a Manuscript Book of Hours of the fifteenth or early sixteenth century, done by an English artist, and containing forty-three fine miniatures; Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," first edition (1624); the first edition of the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" (Aldus, 1499); several ancient manuscripts from the Abbatial library of Waltham Holy Cross and the Monastic library of St. Edmundsbury; another First Folio Shakespeare, this one with the leaf of verses, title, and last leaf in facsimile; and a very rare Byron pamphlet, the first edition of his "Bride of Abydos" (1813), in the original blue paper wrapper, with the errata slip which is found, it is said, in only one other copy.

In the cabled reports of the Thomas Gray sale at Sotheby's on June 28, one very important item was omitted. This was a Block Book Alphabet, consisting of twenty-four letters and six leaves of "ribbon letters," the letter A dated 1464. It brought the large price of £1,520.

The following are prices paid for autographs at Sotheby's sale of July 6: Shelley, A. L. S., two and one-half pages quarto, to Thomas Medwin, £43; Oliver Cromwell, A. L. S., one page folio, 1646, to his daughter, £53; Franklin, A. L. S., four pages folio, March 14, 1764, relating to the anti-Quaker riots and the Indian uprisings, £33 10s.; Charlotte Brontë, a collection of ninety A. L. S., all to Ellen Nussey, mounted and bound in a volume, £102; Alexander Pope, a series of eleven A. L. S. and autograph verses, in all 29 pages 4to, £155; and Thackeray, A. L. S., four pages 8vo, written from Buffalo, December 29, 1852, addressed to "Mammy" (his mother), £35.

Correspondence.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR TO COLERIDGE IN 1832.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is in a little-known Boston book an interesting account of a visit paid to Coleridge by a young American in 1832. It was not written with any view to publication, and is all the more valuable for that reason, as it gives the impression made by the poet on a fresh and sympathetic nature.*

Henry Blake McLellan was born at Maidstone, Essex County, Vt., September 16, 1810. He was the son of Isaac and Eliza McLellan of Boston, and the grandson of Gen. William Hull of Newton, Mass. After a preparatory course at the Boston Latin School, McLellan entered Harvard University in 1825, and graduated in 1829. He studied for the ministry at Andover, 1829-31, and then went on a tour, which included Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. He left America September 16, 1831; started on his return April 18, 1833, and landed at Boston June 12. Then came the tragic ending to a bright young life. Eight weeks after his return he was stricken by typhus, and died four weeks later, in his twenty-third year.

Such was the young and ardent spirit who went to see Coleridge in the filial spirit in which a disciple might have sat at the feet of an ancient philosopher. He writes this simple and affecting account of the interview:

Saturday, April 27th, 1832—Walked to Highgate to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlor while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned, and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature, and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; "Not at all," said he. "My body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind." After some further conversation, and some inquiries respecting Dr. Chalmers, he remarked, "The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother laborer in Christ, Rev. Mr. Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid development of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallicisms and Scotticisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethan age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners." Of the mind of the celebrated Puffendorf he said, "his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with tossing clouds of smoke, through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully." Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked, "We are in a dreadful state. Care, like a foul hag, sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move, shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birthright in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us; we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have. Things must alter; the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, *things;* the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also."

He spoke of Mr. Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and color almost unrivalled. (*pp.* 230-232.)

Coleridge's gloomy view of the condition of England was in the year of the first legislation for a Reformed Parliament, yet he was opposed to the measures which poured new and healthy blood along the veins of the body politic. In Disraeli's novel, "Sybil," there is a vivid picture of the "two nations"—the rich and the poor—into which the people were divided. The political strife of to-day, bitter as it sometimes seems, is tame indeed when compared with the hatred that raged between class and class in the first half of the nineteenth century. Of the very mild measure of electoral reform Coleridge could say: "The bill is bad enough, God knows; but the arguments of its advocates and the manner of their advocacy are a thousand times *worse than the bill itself;* and you will live to think so." William E. A. Axon.

Manchester Eng., June 30.

*Here is the British Museum catalogue entry: McLellan (Henry Blake)—Journal of a Residence in Scotland and Tour through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. With a Memoir of the Author and Extracts from His Religious Papers. Compiled by Isaac McLellan, jr., Boston, 1834.

LIBRARY RESTRICTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently I have had occasion to make inquiry as to facilities offered by historical societies and other great libraries containing historical material, not to the general public, but to special investigators. Without doubt all the purely historical collections were formed to preserve the history of the field they cover—preserve the material and encourage its transmutation into actual history. It should seem, however, that some of them, or, for that matter, all of them, are in danger, as they wax stronger and grow older, of losing sight of this end, and making the collection an end in itself. They thus acquire a species of society or library rheumatism or a hardening of the joints, and they become less flexible and less useful. It has been known to become so serious as to lay virtually prohibitive burdens upon authorship, resulting in a reversal of the true aim of the collection.

An illustration of this reversal is in the rule regarding the use of ink. I do not refer to its use by the general public, many of whom would not appreciate the dangers in the use of ink to precious materials, or would not have the careful habits of the trained scholar. I refer only to scholars engaged in special extended investigation to result in some serious written work, and who are properly known. To forbid such men the use of ink even under proper circumstances, is not simply not to encourage; it amounts to virtual prohibition of production in some cases. Strange as it may seem (or, should I say, naturally, and as one might expect) the only institutions in which this condition obtains, so far as I can learn from experience or extended inquiry among historians, are the splendid, old, strong historical societies of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the latter having succumbed comparatively recently. Every historian must confess to a certain idolatry for the rare old manuscripts and volumes in these and like collections, but when it extends to prevention of the natural use of them by trained men who value them, one is reminded of that sepulchral front parlor in the farmhouse into which only weddings and funerals may enter.

The rules of societies and libraries are not uniform, but if their aim is to meet the needs of scholars engaged in extended investigation, a flexibility and permissive discrimination must be lodged somewhere. Mr. Putnam of the Library of Congress has rules that are nearly ideal in this matter, and the New York Historical Society lodges this flexibility of judgment in its librarian. So with other societies and libraries with historical collections in this country, and, as Professor Andrews of Johns Hopkins in-

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forms me, in England. And is not this as it should be? Historical collections are made for man, not man for historical collections.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., July 5.

ASTROPHEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Oxford English Dictionary in less mature days, culled from two passages in Spenser the word "Astrophel," defining it as the name of a plant hitherto unidentified. Truly, it is of a kind unknown on land or sea, being compounded, as the poet avers, of the personality of Sir Philip Sidney and his lady love.

It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel which therinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formed as any star in skyes;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares . . .
Spenser, "Astrophel," 174-8.

The transformation of Astrophel into a flower may have been suggested, I submit, by the fate of Adonis, who was likewise slain while hunting (Cf. F. Q., iii, i, 38).

The source of this plant name is diffidently stated by Sir James as "perh. corruption of *astro-phyllum*—star-leaf; Nares suggests of Aster Tripolium." The context, however, implies that it was named "for that shepheard's sake." Just how Sidney hit upon his pastoral name, eternized in "Astrophel and Stella," has long remained untaught; for the erstwhile explanation of it as a play upon his name is unanimously passed over by his editors and biographers. Yet as Phillisides is repeatedly used for Philip Sidney, and *sidus* = ἄστρον, the conceit is reasonable—Astrophel, the lover of the star Stella.

Conceivably the name was not original with the circle of Sidney. In Rabelais (iv, xviii), we read of "maistre Astrophile" in connection with Pantagruel's escape from a tempest at sea. The significance of the name to Rabelais is clear from the preface to "Pantagrueline Prognostica":

I'ay reuolué toutes les Pantarches des cieulx, calculé les quatratz de la Lune, crocheté tout ce que iamais penserent toutes les Astrophiles, Hypernephelistes, Anemophylaces Uranopetes, & Ombrophores, & confreré du tout auecque Empedocles.

Ch. Marty-Laveaux, in his glossary, derives this from "Ἀστρον, astre, et φίλος, ami." The word then must have been encountered by members of the Areopagus, and may have been adapted, rather than coined anew, by Sidney.

PERCY W. LONG.

Harvard University, July 2.

A FREE ACADEMY OF GRAPHIC ARTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Opinions vary as to the respective merits of the several systems of artistic education. The following of an academical course for instance is advocated by some and disapproved of by others. Education in a studio again and private teaching labor under the possible disadvantage of too great a predominance of the teacher's manner. There are partisans of self-education, so-called, who follow no other teaching but that of nature, as the phrase is; and, fourthly, there are those who consider copying the old masters the best education. Each of these systems may be said to have its merits and its defects. In any case and whatever the system followed, even the best teaching will be rendered futile by a want of receptivity in the pupil. Coöperation of master and pupil is the *conditio sine qua non* of success. Academical education, however, seems desirable to me, though I am ready to admit the objections that can be urged against it. The great advantage lies in the working together of so many young artists, whereby an undue preponderance of the teacher is counteracted, while constant comparison with the work of his co-pupils stimulates ambition and enlarges the horizon. The disadvantage consists in a certain narrowness and dogmatism to which this kind of training is prone; it is apt to confine effort in one direction.

Messrs. Hart, Nibbrig and Moulyn, who intend to open an art school this autumn in Laren (North Holland), aim at combining the advantages of academical teaching with those of a freer and more inspiring study after nature. Mauve's fascinating country will enable them to keep away from their school the depressing influences of academic work. The range of studies can be easily made to comprise the living model and landscape. In order to render the programme as extensive as possible a course in applied art, to be given by Jan Eissenloffel, is to be added to those in drawing, painting, etching, and modelling. For the history of art and æsthetics, they have engaged the services of the art critics H. P. Bremmer and Plasschaert, and the well known author Adriaan van Cordt, who will lecture on their special subjects.

The American and English art students who resort to Laren should not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity.

AUGUSTA DE WIT.

Amsterdam, Holland, June 30.

ATTENDANCE AT FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent report of the minister of public instruction of France gives some interesting statistics concerning the sixteen universities of that country. On the 14th of January, 1910, the total number of students in attendance at the French universities was 40,131. Paris leads the universities of the world with an enrolment, excluding students in the lycées—which correspond to our colleges—as well as those in the technical and summer schools, of 17,512. The provincial universities rank as follows: Lyons, 2,922; Toulouse, 2,828; Bordeaux, 2,552; Montpellier, 1,965; Nancy, 1,899; Lille, 1,675; Rennes, 1,602; the new university of Algiers, 1,442; Aix-Marseille, 1,236; Grenoble, 1,156; Poitiers, 1,111; Dijon, 992; Caen, 722; Clermont, 275; and Besançon, 242. Of these 40,131 students, 7,038 are foreigners, of whom 3,500 are in the University of Paris. Of the 17,512 students in this university, 7,688 are taking law, 3,115 are in literature, and 1,845 in the sciences. Another noteworthy fact is the remarkable increase in the number of women studying in the French universities. There are 3,830 women enrolled, of whom 1,300 are studying in Paris; while of the 7,038 foreign students, 1,707 are women.

The Parisian newspapers take especial pleasure in noting the remarkable increase in the number of foreign students in the University of Paris, which now leads the universities of the world in that respect. Twenty years ago (1888-89) there were 457 foreigners enrolled in this university. Ten years later (1898-99), the number had increased to 1,174, while five years later (1904-05), there were 1,633; and in 1908-09 the number was doubled (3,326). The 3,500 foreigners now studying in Paris are apportioned as follows: England, 115; United States, 107; Egypt, 165; Rumania, 233; Germany, 231; Austria-Hungary, 139; Russia, which has the largest delegation, 1,356. South America, as well as Mexico and Panama, Turkey, and the Orient are also well represented. Among the reasons for this astonishing affluence of foreign students to Paris are the exceptional library facilities—there being sixteen libraries, of which at least six contain more than 200,000 volumes each—excellent laboratories, and free tuition to all.

JOHN L. GERIG.

Columbia University, New York, July 2.

Literature.

RECENT VERSE.

The Younger Choir. New York: Moods Publishing Co.

The Frozen Grail and Other Poems. By Elsa Barker. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Poems of James Ryder Randall. New York: The Tandy-Thomas Co.

Flower o' the Grass. By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Bros.

Monday Morning and Other Poems. By James Oppenheim. New York. Sturgis & Walton Co.

The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Odes on the Generations of Men. By Hartley Burr Alexander. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

New Poems. By Madison Cawein. London: Grant Richards.

The Shadowy Garden and Other Plays. By Madison Cawein. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Happy Ending: The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mingled Wine. By Anna Bunston. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Verses and Sonnets. By Julia Stockton Dinsmore (F. V.). New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

It was a good idea to issue, under the title of "The Younger Choir," a small selection of more or less representative verse by the new poetic generation. Such a mode of publication has one advantage so obvious that it is surprising not to find it used more often. It spares the poet with one or two good verses the embarrassment of putting out an entire book; and, what is even more to the point, it saves the reader the trouble of ransacking the whole haystack. To be sure, Mr. Markham's "word of introduction," with its references to the "Ly-

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rical Ballads" and "The Ancient Mariner," is not particularly felicitous. But prophecy is rash work at best; and it is enough to say that the spirit of the affair is a kind of modern romanticism—neo-romanticism, we are learning to call it—in which the nerves are beginning to predominate over the senses. From among the work of such contributors as Zona Gale, Elsa Barker, Viereck, Ridgeley Torrance, Lewisohn, and Richard Burton, whose name in this connection sounds like an anachronism, a single sonnet by George Sterling will serve as an illustration of the skill and the disposition of the group.

Sargon is dead, Semiramis a clod!
In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;
The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,
And scant and sear the desert grasses nod
Where once the armies of Assyria trod,
With younger sunlight splendid on the spears,
The lichens cling the closer with the years,
And seal the eyelids of the weary god.
Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave,
The vulture shadows with arrested wings
The indecipherable boast of kings,
As Arab children hear their mother's cry
And leave in mockery their toy—they leave
The skull of Pharoah staring at the sky.

Heroism, it may as well be acknowledged, is not much in the way of this youth. Their tone is either *mol* or mutinous. It is only exceptionally that the austere virtues—fortitude, endurance, "and courage never to submit or yield"—find such celebration as Elsa Barker in her "Frozen Grail" reserves for the adventure of the pole:

What shall prevail against the spirit of man,
When cold, the lean and searching wolf of hunger.
The threatening spear of ice-mailed Solitude,
Silence, and space, and ghostly-footed Fear
Prevail not? Dante, in his frozen hell
Shivering, endured no blackness like the void
These men have warmed with their own flaming will,
And peopled with their dreams. The wind from fierce
Arcturus in their faces, at their backs
The whip of the world's doubt, and in their souls
Courage to die—if death shall be the price
Of that cold cup that will assuage their thirst,
They climb, and fall, and stagger toward the goal,
They lay themselves the road whereby they travel,
And sue God for a franchise. Does He watch
Behind the lattice of the boreal lights?
In that grail-chapel of their stern-vowed quest,
Ninety of God's long paces toward the North,
Will they behold the splendor of His face?

As for war itself, once the school of manly virtue, it is slightly out of fashion just now; but none the less are the robust sentiments of a war-poet like James Randall a good deal of a relief after sundry of our modern chorusings. Randall, it will be remembered, was the author of "Maryland! My Maryland!" And while his polemics do not, as a whole, meet the expectations raised by this popular and spirited performance, the admirers of "the Poet Laureate of the Lost Cause" will be glad to have all that survives of his writing. Of his more pacific manner, which is very much that of his period, the following stanza from "Silver Spring" will give a pretty fair idea:

When the sad and solemn moon
Muses o'er the lone lagoon,
And laughs the melancholy loon;
When the crooning winter breeze,
Hapless from the Hebrides,
Chafes the dead cathedral trees
'Mid the vultures' muffled wails,
Stifled by the panther-hails
Shuddering up palmetto trails;
When the globe is wrapt in sleep,
And the gnomes their vigils keep
By the mountain and the deep—
I can fancy phantom things,
On their thunder-tarnished wings,
Soaring with a fallen grandeur over
these enchanted springs!

This is not wholly unfamiliar; but it is as far away from our peculiar preoccupations as crinoline and hoopskirts. After all, if there is any poetic movement in progress among us just now, as many are inclined to doubt, it would appear to consist in an effort on the part of the muse, like Browning's person of quality, to leave the country and establish herself in town. On the one hand there is a certain impatience and distrust of solitude and the rural deities, the familiars of wood and water and field, even among those who still sing them, albeit rather despondingly, like Miss Murray in her "Flower o' the Grass":

Are these the glad young deities we knew
Long, long ago in the world's dawning day—
These pallid shapes that wander here astray
In the gray vapors and the glimmering dew?
Where are the forms of satyr, nymph, and fay,
The flash of wings in the descending blue,
The wild enchantments that about us grew
When first we heard the pipes of Pan aplay?

. . . . . .

Silent is Ida with great Jove asleep;
No more a garlanded, soft-footed throng
Thrills the wild aisles with laughter, dance, and song;
Naiad and faun their dreaming vigils keep.
Dried are thy dews, Olympus; dust is deep
On Enna's fields, and where the gods so long
Held their young sway—how jubilant and strong!
Vague shapes and ghostly, alien shadows creep.

On the other hand, there is a gradual yielding to the lure of the city—a manifest admiration, in the manner of Mr. Lewisohn, for its ready impressionism, its violent contrasts and spectacular inversions of drab and purple, of glare and obscurity—or, more significantly still, a dim instinctive yearning to the masses of street and slum, the vague unrest of the animal in the presence of the herd. Such is the burden of Mr. Oppenheim's "Monday Morning." Listen to the crude appealingness, the elementary pity of his rhythms in "An Italian Funeral":

Humbly, O humbly, in slow procession, the hearse and horses, the drivers and mourners
Trail between tenements hung with dark faces and eddying crowds at the gray street corners—
Clouds hold the skies in, the gutter is muddy, workmen are ripping the streets for a sewer,
And lo, to a drum-throb musicians are leading the dead, the dead to a church of the poor.

And lo, to that music yon swarthy Italians between them are sawing a pine-beam in half,
The dead-march rhythm runs through their labor; they swing, they sweat, they grumble and laugh;
Hurrying men greet each other and justle on errands of business: all are alive:
But the dead trails through the red storm of living, and the mourners are dumb in the loud man-hive.

He is gone: one mouth less now to be filled; but, oh, one toiler less: he is gone!
A month shall you nearly starve for the burial: you must pay, pay dearly for leave to mourn.
And why do you do it? Is there love among shadows, in cellars; have you dreamt of eternal life?
Were you led, after all, by the flaming Vision O son, O brother, O mother, O wife?

That, like it or not, is the most significant verse that gets written nowadays—and the amount is constantly increasing. Even Mr. Noyes in his new volume has abandoned his lofty rhyme to some extent for the elegy of the streets, as thus of the "Rank and File":

Drum-taps! Drum-taps! Who is it marching,
Marching past in the night? Ah, hark,
Draw your curtains aside and see
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching
Endless ranks of an army marching,
Marching out of the endless dark,
Marching away to Eternity.

. . . . . .

Count as they pass, their hundreds, thousands,
Millions marching away to a doom
Younger than London, older than Tyre!
Drum-taps, drum-taps where are they marching—
Regiments, nations, empires, marching
Down through the jaws of a world-wide tomb,

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Doomed or ever they sprang from the mire.

. . . . . .

Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens
Under the march of the terrible skies!
Is it a jest for a God to play?
Whose is the jest of these millions marching,
Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens,
Waving their voicelessly grand good-byes,
Secretly trying, sometimes, to pray.

. . . . . .

Marching out of the endless ages,
Marching out of the dawn of time,
Endless columns of unknown men,
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching,
Endless ranks of an army marching
Numberless out of the numberless ages,
Men out of every race and clime,
Marching steadily now as then.

The most thoroughgoing attempt, however, to write the epic of humanity is that of Mr. Alexander in his "Generations of Man." In spite of a certain clutter of materials, unavoidable, perhaps, in such a plan, Mr. Alexander has a breadth of horizon, an acquaintance with the shifting symbols in which human experience has successively clothed itself, and a power of abstraction, which give the varying movements of his poem something of the impressiveness of a vast cosmology. A quotation from his second ode, which has to do with the development of the religious feeling, will supply as good an instance of his style as can be expected of a short extract:

Strange prayers ascending up to God
Through all the aching æons, year on year;
Strange tongues uplifting from the sod
The old antiphony of hope and fear:
Strange if He should not hear!

. . . . . .

Aye, men have prayed
Strangely to God:
Through thousand ages, under thousand skies,
Unto His thousand strange theophanies,
Men have prayed . . .
With rite fantastic and with sacrifice
Of human treasure, scourged with the heavy rod
Of their own souls' torment, men have prayed
Strangely to God . . .
East, North, South, West,
The quartered Globe,
Like a prone and naked suppliant whose breast
A myriad stinging memories improbe—
Hurt of old faiths,
And the living scars
Of dead men's anguish, slow-dissolvent wraiths
Of long-gone yearnings, and delirious dream
Of sacrificial pomp and pageant stream:
Gods of the nations and their avatars!—
East, North, South, West,
The suppliant Globe
Abides the judgment of the changeless stars,—
Abides the judgment and the answering aid
Of Heaven to the prayers that men have prayed
Strangely to God.

Naturally this anthropological and sociological verse is liable at times to strange mishaps. Its pursuit requires an imperturbable gravity, a stern insensibility to the suggestions of humor, which occasionally exposes it to the levity of the Philistines.

But, fortunately, there are other voices—feebler, perhaps, but insistent, like the faint familiar sounds of nature, with the still persuasiveness of old association. In particular, Mr. Cawein has a way of quickening inanimate objects with a kind of fanciful spell, of awakening silence and peopling solitude with a swift and transient spirit:

I saw the acolytes of Eve, the mystic sons of Night,
Come pacing through the ancient wood in hoods of hodden-gray;
Their sombre cloaks were pinned with stars, and each one bore a light,
A moony lanthorn, and a staff to help him on his way.

I heard their mantles rustle by, their sandals' whispering, sweep,
And saw the wild flowers bow their heads and close their lovely eyes:
I saw their shadows pass and pass, and with them Dreams and Sleep,
Like children with their father, went, in dim and ghostly guise.

Something of this same attitude toward "our mother the earth"—a spirit at once earnest and playful like a riper childhood—has always made one of Miss Guiney's attractions, though touched in her case with something more of a Celtic melancholy:

Open, Time, and let him pass
Shortly where his feet would be!
Like a leaf at Michaelmas
Swooning from the tree.

. . . . .

Take him, weak and overworn:
Fold about his dying dream
Boyhood, and the April morn,
And the rolling stream.

. . . . .

He hath done with roofs and men.
Open, Time, and let him pass,
Vague and innocent again,
Into country grass.

The line where this feeling for nature passes over into a kind of symbolism, is hard to define. It is then that objects begin to take on a life of their own, independent of ours or even hostile to it, and that poetry retraces the steps of mythology, or shelters under its images, as in Miss Bunston's "Ad Extremas Tenebras:"

I hear the lapping of the waves of death
In Stygian wells,
I see the white-winged moths that bring the breath
Of Asphodels;

. . . . . .

Yet if, oh dread Aidoneus, one like me
May ask a boon,
I pray it may not be Persephone
Who meets me soon:

. . . . .

She doth but winter in thy realms, O Dis,
Not nest with thee.
Her regal mouth still haunted by a kiss
Would weary me.

But let there meet me one, too poor for scorn,
Dim-eyed and hoar,
Wan as Demeter when she sat forlorn
By Celeus' door.

And let Tiresias come, who, shrinking, knows
A woman's heart,
To guide my feet where Lethe coldest flows,
And pitying yew its deepest covert grows
Far off, apart.

It is rather odd that in spite of the recent fad for the dramatic mould current verse should show so few dramatic effects, even of the simpler and more incidental sort. Confrontation, *mise-en-scène*, situation, passion, are uniformly weak or bungled. All is subjective, self-communing—and not only so, but there seems to reign a kind of divine confusion upon the poet's composition as upon his spirit. Now and then, however, it is possible to find a pretty good lyric impersonation, such as Browning well nigh turned into a poetic convention. Miss Dinsmore's "Verses and Sonnets" contain several, of which the best is probably "Sappho:"

How I could love, if gods but walked this shore,
And I might meet them wandering, face to face!
But when I speak of it with awe profound,
They mock me with "Too late" and "Nevermore."
Too late—alas! What do vain words avail?
"The gods themselves cannot their gifts recall."
Wail, ineffectual lyre, a last, long wail:
There is no place for me—earth is too small—
But toward the immeasurable regions of the dead,
One open, trackless way remains to tread
That leaves no trace behind: the boundless deep
Shall roll its shelter o'er my homeless head.
There shall my lyre with me in silence sleep—
Our fire quenched in death's tranquillity.
I, who have borne the earth, why should I dread
The awful, the immitigable sea?

CURRENT FICTION.

Fortune. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The moving finger of Mr. Snaith has so long been accustomed to write in unwonted ways that no whimsical novelty on his part should amaze the reader. It was a far cry from "Fierceheart the Soldier" to "Broke of Covenden," although the two Spartan fathers furnished in some sort a bond of unity. It was yet further from the gloom and bloodshed of both to the gentle if somewhat satirical cream-bun cheer of "Araminta"; and one opens "Fortune" with that sense of entire uncertainty what to ex-

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pect that is rarely the portion of a well-known novelist's following. As Miguel Jesus Maria de Sarda y Boegas sets forth upon his journey, we are touched with astonishment. Do history—and Mr. Snaith—thus repeat themselves, and, be it whispered, with none too much originality in the repetition? Here begins, apparently, the ordinary swashbuckling romance, and with more than a casual tang of Hewlett in its composition. The setting is strongly reminiscent of "The Spanish Jade," the young hero is blood-brother to "The Fool Errant," and surely Sir Richard Pendragon, as he first appears, is only another of the many disguises of Brazenhead the Great. It is not long, however, before the reader realizes that the smile of "Araminta" has swelled into Homeric laughter, and that this is a notable piece of burlesque. Perplexity dispelled, the book is food for hearty enjoyment. Mr. Snaith revels in not unloving caricature of his early gods, and the result is as delightful in its own way as Hichens's memorable explosion of "The Londoners." The figure of the English giant assumes at times a vigor beyond the merely farcical: he is of the kin of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, with a dash of Porthos, and the visit of the three soldiers of fortune to the French court is of a quality to linger in the memory. Fortune is indeed the liege lady of these adventurers, the "sweet baggage with the moist lip and the enkindling eye," and Pendragon strikes their keynote when he cries, "To Fortune will we wet our beards, good Spaniard, for we of England court her like a maiden with a dimple in her cheek." This proud and capricious Princess, invested for the purposes of romance with the winsome if somewhat choleric flesh and blood of the Countess Sylvia, touches a chord of truth at the climax of the tale, when she turns from all her suitors to woo the careless and masterful Pendragon, only to be consigned to the arms of another by that "Captain-General of the Jogalones"; but the delight of the book is to be found rather in its obvious mirth than in its subtle philosophy.

The Silent Call. By Edwin Milton Royle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reading this novel is like witnessing a spirited play. Much of the dialogue, most of the situations, and all the cues for entrances and exits bear the impress of the dramatist's art. The half-Indian son of the Earl of Kerhill—known to Mr. Royle's public as "The Squaw Man" of an earlier work—has grown to maturity and figures in these pages as Harold Calthorpe. Like the father, the son is obliged to leave England for reasons not really discreditable, and the "silent call" of the wild strain in his blood lures him to the home of his mother's people. The tribal reservation is so faithfully described in its natural aspects, and such liberties are taken with the names of local celebrities, that no one acquainted with northeastern Utah can be deceived by its thin disguise. Against this scene we find grouped as *dramatis personæ* a scheming agent; an unscrupulous trader who helps him to his ends; an army officer, brave, but sadly fettered by departmental red-tape; a bluff mining prospector and his gang; an intrepid ranch-boss; a beautiful Indian maiden, beset by lovers both red and white; and a right-minded but wholly unconventional parson. Summoned back to England by news of his father's illness, Harold has a chance, of which advantage is cleverly taken for the reader's profit, to contrast the freedom of the frontier with the artificialities of an advanced civilization; of course, unfavorably to the latter.

Under the romantic surface of this and the earlier story, Mr. Royle has given us not only an excellent picture of the untamed West, but also a glimpse of his own philosophy on the race question. In spite of an occasional resort to theatrical methods, he has set forth admirably the serious side of attempting to change the Indian into something non-Indian through the influence of an alien environment.

The Rust of Rome. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

For the reader who likes to be kept on the shivery edge of apprehension in an atmosphere of vast tragic portent blended with illimitable detail, Mr. Deeping is the man. The magnified episode is the note of the book, although a definite story runs in and out among the episodes. The reader is asked to be interested in Benjamin Heriot's every step, from the prison life he is quitting on the first page to the last incident on the four hundredth. His morals, manners, tastes, pursuits, clothes are offered with a confidence in the reader's interest which is almost naïve. The reader meanwhile forges along, enduring repetition for the sake of many merits on the way and in anticipation of the supposed final tying up of threads. The end is complete and seems to satisfy the actors. But it may be doubted whether violence undetected, even violence in a good cause, will ever become a popular marriage portion for hero and heroine of a romance.

Benjamin Heriot for an hour's irresponsibility paid the heavy penalty of two years in Reading gaol. Once more free, he is near to wrecking himself a second time from sheer reaction. In his self-disgust, he is meditating suicide when chance sends him on a Sunday morning into a beech forest. Under the spell of the trees, he is seized by a passion for Nature and finds himself taking heart. He buys a piece of English woodland, builds a shelter, digs, plants, and grows sane. The attempt to escape humanity, however, is vain. Men, boys, women, and a woman spring up in the wilderness. The author's touch in describing the forest atmosphere is that of a lover, and the earth is made no less fascinating to the antiquarian than to the agriculturist. Characterization is also a marked accomplishment of the writer. His portraits are in the round, anatomy and covering both well-considered. Not a figure, great or small, that does not have its being in its own individual way.

The Professional Aunt. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The "Helen's Babies" order of fiction is, it seems, not yet superannuated. Indeed, the irrepressible infant is an inexhaustible theme. The "professional aunt" of the present book is, of course, the person who sees the funny things done and hears the funny speeches made by the particular urchins who are to be exploited. The author, Mrs. Wemyss, is an Englishwoman who has written one or two other books about children. That kind of thing has not been done so much in England as with us, and is still rather stiffly done. The humor of Mrs. Wemyss is over-broad and self-conscious for the American taste. She begins with a definition of the Professional Aunt, as the spinster from whom devotion to her nephews and nieces is exacted as a primary duty. Then she introduces the particular children with whom the particular aunt is implicated, and the series of infantile exploits and "bright sayings" begins. It must be confessed that the point of a large majority of the sayings is due to their happy childish indelicacy. Of course, the random speech of an innocent child can sail far closer to the wind than the considered and actionable utterances of your barnacle-crusted adult. But there is, after all, a limit to the enjoyment of a voyage under these conditions. The fun of little Johnny's conception of religion and little Sally's notion of motherhood are capable of exhaustion. The perfunctory "love interest" injected into these artless pages is quite helpless to turn a congeries of anecdotes into a real story.

CRETAN DISCOVERY.

Scripta Minoa: The written documents of Minoan Crete, with special reference to the archives of Knossos. By Arthur J. Evans. Vol. I. Pp. xiv+302, with 13 plates and many illustrations in the text. New York: Henry Frowde. $12.75 net.

The art of prehistoric Crete has of recent years become known in such a way as to afford a wonderfully vivid picture of the life on that island well into the third millennium before our

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era. So far as it is possible to know an ancient people without an understanding of their own written records, we may now be said to know the ancient Cretans really well, for we have the material setting of life among them in uncommon completeness. There has come to light also the fact that for above a thousand years an evolution in the art of writing was going on. The characters used show a change from conventionalized pictorial forms to those of earlier and later linear types. Moreover, the most advanced type of linear script (Evans's Class B) reaches a high stage of development, while even the latest manifestations of it are considerably earlier than the earliest records of Phœnician writing. When one remembers that only a short time ago the consideration of the antiquity of writing played an important part in discussions of the Homeric question, it is possible to realize how greatly in this respect the present point of view has changed. Furthermore, with these Cretan discoveries, the source whence the Greeks took the characters of their alphabet becomes comparatively a less simple matter to explain. Has not the part the Phœnicians played in the transmission of the letters been too exclusively emphasized? Is there not a large element of truth in the old traditions given by Diodorus that letters were invented in Crete, and that the Phœnicians merely modified them and passed them on, or may it not be that some knowledge of the Cretan script was transmitted directly to the Greek settlers there?

It would indeed be difficult to enumerate the interesting questions which recent discoveries in this wonderful island have raised for students both of prehistoric and of Greek archæology; but the answers to these questions must in many cases depend upon the nature of the language used by the early Cretans, and touching this point we are still largely in the dark. In the absence of bilingual inscriptions, as Dr. Evans remarks in his preface, a comprehensive attempt at interpretation or transliteration is not likely to be attended with fruitful results, but this fact makes it none the less an urgent need that scholars should have before them in as complete a form as possible the existing records of the early Cretan script. This need will be adequately met in the present handsome publication.

The whole work is planned in three volumes: the first includes the hieroglyphic and primitive linear classes of writing, together with some general discussion of pre-Phœnician scripts; the second and third will be given to a detailed publication of the documents of the advanced linear scripts. The whole will therefore constitute a *corpus* of the early Cretan written documents. In Part i of the first volume, Dr. Evans gives an exceedingly useful survey of his whole subject, taking up the question of the antiquity and diffusion of pictographs and linear signs in Europe, the discovery and the nature of each of the types of Minoan writing, the survivals of the art of writing as the different phases of Cretan civilization pass away, and the influence that this art had in other regions. This leads to a discussion of the Cretan Philistines and the Phœnician alphabet, and to a statement of the theory that this alphabet is to an important degree of Minoan origin. The various tables of illustration supplement the text in a most valuable way. Part ii is devoted to a careful and complete presentation of the hieroglyphic or conventionalized pictographic script. The influences under which it grew up are discussed, and its use on seals and clay documents. Then follows an extended catalogue of hieroglyphic inscriptions on seals and sealings, and one of similar nature for inscriptions on clay sealings, tablets, bars, etc. There is further a catalogue of the hieroglyphic signs, and an analysis with extended discussion of the nature of the script. Part iii is a study of the so-called Disk from Phæstos, discovered by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission, in 1908. This is the largest single hieroglyphic inscription yet discovered in Crete, and its nature is, of course, of high interest. Dr. Evans subjects its signs to a searching examination, showing how radically in most cases they differ from the Minoan classes, and coming to the conclusion that the script is the product of a culture allied to the Minoan, but "existing on the southwest coastlands of Asia Minor and not improbably in the Lycian area." At the present stage of our knowledge any interpretation can hardly be more than an interesting suggestion, for one cannot be certain how exactly the original form of a hieroglyphic character indicates its meaning at a given time. It seems as if a bilingual inscription was the only thing which could possibly clear away the uncertainties. Nevertheless, a surprising amount of information about the probable contents of the writings, both hieroglyphic and linear, is scattered through the volume. A decimal system was in use in both, and, especially in Class B of the linear script, it is possible to make out the enumeration of various classes of objects stored in the chambers of the palace. The arrangement of the clay tablets was often very careful, and they were sometimes placed like books on a modern shelf, so that the edges showed; then the edge would be docketed with a summary of contents.

It is superfluous to add that the book as a whole is of high importance—the careful record of a considerable part of the extraordinarily able archæological work which has placed Dr. Evans in the front rank of really great discoverers.

Charles Sumner. By George H. Haynes (American Crisis Biographies). Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Except Lincoln, no statesman of our civil war period has been so elaborately commemorated as Sumner. We have the fifteen volumes of his works, edited by himself, the four bulky volumes of memoirs by E. L. Pierce, the biography by Moorfield Storey in the American Statesmen Series, and less considerable accounts in large number. Professor Haynes thinks it worth while to add to the list a new life, not at all claiming to add fresh material, but undertaking to adjust the figure properly in the perspective, after the lapse of a momentous half-century. Professor Haynes is thoroughly informed and an excellent narrator; while strongly sympathetic, he is by no means undiscriminating; he does not blink the faults of his hero's character or the mistakes of his career. Nevertheless, we feel that he accords Sumner a place among the statesmen of his time which he did not hold, and which in the retrospect of history he never will hold.

Professor Haynes adopts from another the statement that "at the close of the civil war Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner were the most influential men in public life." Lincoln's eminence no one will question, but as to Sumner? Did he outrank in influence the great military figures? or, if we restrict our view to civil life, did he stand before the country so superior in wisdom and service to Chase, Seward, Stanton, and Charles Francis Adams? Good men in those days believed Sumner to be intrepid, untiring, well-purposed, and adorned with statesmanlike accomplishments; but they also believed that he gravely lacked patience; also the sagacity for measuring accurately great and difficult problems and dealing with them wisely in view of their relations with other problems and with the facts of human nature; also, the invaluable quality of tact, the faculty for getting on with men and winning out in the welter of varying temperaments, clashing judgments, and conflicting interests. Conspicuous though the service of Sumner was, we yet believe that in many contemporary eyes his leadership had the handicap of these unfortunate limitations; that his work, therefore, in behalf of his country and of humanity was far less effective than that of Lincoln; indeed, that several among his fellow-strivers were fully his equals in the accomplishment of good results.

While to multitudes of his contemporaries Sumner seemed thus to fall short, indications abound that a later generation is not disposed to judge him more kindly. Ideas are broached to-day by voices of authority which are not in harmony with the views and anticipa-

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tions of the anti-slavery men of fifty years ago. C. F. Adams, for instance, makes declarations as to the negro problem which sound strange in view of his antecedents and earlier associations. Again, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in his recent "Land of the Lion," asserts with great emphasis that the urgent need of the African blacks is "*that they shall be firmly, lovingly forced to work.*" Dr. Rainsford will not assert that there exists now among advanced races any such warm and comprehensive altruism as will engage, unrequited, in this firm and loving enforcement of labor upon black millions. What remains but to devise a scheme through which a body of uplifters shall find it to their interest to do the enforcing? And when that is said we come perilously near to the suggestion of a society of masters and bondmen—the masters, loving, we hope, but performing their task with an eye to their own interests as well—the bondmen held to unwilling work for a benefit they have not craved and do not appreciate.

More interesting still, Booker T. Washington, asserts ("Up from Slavery," page 16):

> We must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million negroes inhabiting this country, who themselves or whose ancestors went through the school of American slavery, are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and religiously, than is true of an equal number of black people in any other portion of the globe.

American slavery then, in Mr. Washington's view, has been for its victims an uplifting influence of great potency, and how, in contrast with this view is the doctrine of the "Barbarism of Slavery," in which Sumner pronounced the institution only brutalizing upon master and slave alike!

Distinctly, we express here no approval of Mr. Adams's depreciation of negro capabilities; nor are we accepting the theories of Dr. Rainsford and Booker Washington. We cite them simply as utterances that are significant of the present moment. They are strangely out of accord with the utterances of the old anti-slavery men among whom Sumner was a chief. Citations of a similar character might be multiplied; and they all indicate that a state of mind prevails now among many humane men not in harmony with that of the zealous combatants of the former time. It is not difficult to understand why the prestige of Sumner, much questioned in his own days, has lost rather than gained in later years. As is well set forth by Professor Haynes, while a man of many foibles, he possessed in a high degree courage, sincerity, high purpose, and scholarly accomplishments. His service was great, but, over-confident in his own wisdom, he set his hand to much reconstruction of ideas and institutions. Often he made, but too often he marred. In the world's judgment, he falls far short in beneficent leadership of the supreme statesman of his era, and is doubtfully eminent even among the secondary figures.

Great and Greater Britain: The Problems of Motherland and Empire, Political, Naval, Military, Industrial, Financial, Social. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Barker is a German who has been long enough in England to naturalize and Anglicize his name; to sit at the feet of Mr. Chamberlain, and imbibe the fiscal and economic and other Tory doctrines associated with Mr. Chamberlain's name since 1903, and to become a member of the Constitutional Club. The English "Who's Who" is silent regarding Mr. Barker. It is therefore possible only to conjecture how long he has been a naturalized British subject. But it is clear that he has been in England a sufficient number of years to become possessed of the Tory idea—traditional now for a century or more—that England is going to the dogs; and his devotion to his new country is so great that he appears to have made it his special and peculiar mission to prevent the appalling catastrophe that is threatening not only England, but the British Empire. It is something of a reproach to the governing classes who have done so much for England, and for whom England has done even more, that they should have to welcome Mr. Barker's aid in the task of saving the Empire from its threatening fate. But the welcome has undoubtedly been extended to Mr. Barker. He and Mr. Garvin of the *Observer* and Mr. Blatchford of the *Clarion*, one of the organs of English Socialism, were the literary lights on the Tory side at the general election. The *Daily Mail* was open to Mr. Barker whenever he was ready; and many of the forebodings embodied in "Great and Greater Britain," which is concerned with the problems of Motherland and Empire—political, naval, military, industrial, financial, and social—have already been published in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*, both of which exist among other purposes to aid the governing classes of the Tory party in safeguarding the Empire.

According to Mr. Barker, the situation of the British Empire is to-day most critical, but not yet desperate. Everything depends on the British navy. Otherwise by the inexorable law of history and of nature the British Empire must soon come in at the tail of the procession of Phœnicia, Carthage, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, the Arab Empire, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, and the Dutch Empire, and all her greatness pass away. The lesson that Mr. Barker would enforce on England, on Mr. Chamberlain, to whom he dedicates his book, and on the Constitutional Club, from whose house on Northumberland Avenue he dates his preface, is that "all the good things of this world, land, riches, commerce, and shipping, are not to the peaceful and feeble, but to the warlike and the strong"; that wealth and power can be preserved only by military strength; that wealth is a bad substitute for power; that money bags do not defend themselves; that "neglect of the army and of agriculture has been fatal to all great commercial states of the past from Phœnicia to Holland; and that large towns devour the strength of the country."

Mr. Barker is convinced that Great Britain and the British Empire stand at the parting of the ways. The crisis has arrived. But he is confident of a safe and comfortable future for England if she will only build a navy equal in strength to the combined navies of the United States and Germany; adopt protection, because free trade means cheap labor and cheap men; give the colonies a voice and share in the administration of the British Empire by means of an Imperial Cabinet, an Imperial Navy, an Imperial Exchequer, and an Imperial Senate; and establish an army based on universal military training. A year ago the Tory *Quarterly Review* celebrated its centennial, and a large part of two issues was devoted to the history of the *Review* and the lost political causes to which it had since 1809 attached itself. Had Mr. Barker bestowed a couple of hours on this history of Tory propaganda for a century past, he might have realized that the cry of the Empire's danger is an old and well-worn one with the political party with which he is now serving; that it was raised in 1832 and again in 1846, and again whenever the Tory party has found itself out of office; and he would have realized also that he could expect no shock to the English people to result from his dismal forebodings.

A Vagabond Journey Around the World. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. $3.50 net.

On graduating from the University of Michigan, Mr. Franck started out in a cattle ship "for to see and for to admire." Until he reached Marseilles his status was that of a tourist pedestrian of frugal sort. But already, in England, France, Germany, and Italy, he had come to know the gentry of the road, their resorts and resources. The last of his money found him a member of the beachcomber colony at Marseilles, waiting his chance to work or beat his way eastward. The chance came, and our gentleman vagabond debarked at Beirut, whence he visited the sites of the Phœnician cities and tramped to Da-

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mascus, Jerusalem, and Jaffa. Everywhere he was taken in and aided. From one sheik who had started a collection for a railway ticket Mr. Franck escaped with difficulty. At Nazareth he stopped with the Kawar family, a most variously gifted and articled group. The father spoke only Arabic, two sons spoke English, and one German, and were stout Protestants. Another pair knew, respectively, French and Italian, and were devout Catholics. The youngest son, well versed in Russian, held by his father's confession, the Greek. The family showed Mr. Franck the sacred spots of the city of Jesus; returning from the visitation they pointed out "the house of the only Jew, thank God, who still dwells in Nazareth."

At Cairo there was a long wait under conditions made easy by the meeting of old comrades and new and by the liberality of mission charities. Employment came after long search, and the wages were spent in a trip up the Nile as far as Wady Halfa. Here Mr. Franck could have gone on to Khartum as secretary to a Greek bishop, but, avoiding the *cul-de-sac*, he returned at public expense to Port Said, where the beachcombing life was renewed. It was a question of stowing away or completing an indefinitely long postgraduate course at the vilest of Levantine ports. Between the canvas cover and the ribs of a life-boat on a British liner our author left the canal and got his first taste of the Red Sea. The reward for his hardships was Colombo, and that earthly paradise which is Ceylon. Here the white man, though a vagabond, is a king. Mr. Franck fell in with a sociable colony, including a Britisher, Haywood, badly wanted, on his own showing, by the American law; Marten of Tacoma, who excelled the natives as a pearl diver and harried sharks in his morning swims, and Askins, M.A., of Dublin, engineer when luck served, and adept in half the dialects of the East. Here our author would have joined the police force had not his American nationality got known. Instead, by a friendly understanding with the force, the Anglo-American fraternity of wanderers slept in the public garden, where they also smoked and chatted their days away. Tramping to the temples of Kandy, Mr. Franck made a remarkable deal in bananas, and was opportunely relieved of twenty-eight of them by a holy pilgrim, a *yogi*. Whether because of this benefaction or for other cause, the priests at the Temple of the Tooth received him with all kindness, displayed the sacred relics, and undertook his conversion. They used an argument that recalls the famous wager of Pascal: "Even if you are not yet convinced of the truth of it," they said, "why not accept it now and run no risk of future perdition?" Such arguments had prevailed with U Damaluku, born Larry O'Rourke, and widely experienced as an American roustabout. Him Mr. Franck met in India in the guise of a Burmese bishop. U Damaluku gave a good account of the faith, or, to quote him, philosophy that was in him. With ease he put to flight a Christian convert. Upon the benefits of Buddhism he was eloquent. Referring to his early monastic days, he said:

> Ivery blessed afternoon I sthudied the history of Buddha and Burmese with the ould priests. 'Twas a foine thing fer me. Before I found the thrue faith I was that blessed ignerent I cud hardly rade me ouwn tungue. To-day, bless ye, I know eight languages and the ins and outs of ivery religion on the futstool. I was a vile curser whin I was hoboin' in the States, and 'twas harrd te quit it. But ivery toime I started te say a cuss-ward I thought of the revired Gautama and sid blessed instead, and I'm master of me own tungue now.

Beside the admirable U Damaluku, an American priest met at a Buddhist monastery in Rangoon made but a poor impression. He was a horny-handed sailor and illiterate. His past was inscribed on his arms in tattooed figures that would have outdone "those on the raciest posters of a burlesque show." Though exact in observance, he was not expansive as to his religion, which apparently he had adopted as a steady graft.

At Rangoon, Mr. Franck and his companion, James, an Australian, being warned that, once in Singapore, no beachcomber ever escaped, conceived the audacious plan of cutting across the neck of Burma and Siam to Bangkok. This trip through the jungle affords some of the most interesting pages of the book. On the way the two tramps met strange isolated English engineers who had almost forgotten how to talk with a guest. From the villagers the wayfarers, after their money ran out, simply took what they needed. Such levies were impartially distributed among many huts, and the villagers took the incursion as a joke. On the Siamese border a different temper prevailed, and more than once the strangers had to fight for it. By a lucky chance they saved the bungalow of a European lumber king from burning, and were liberally rewarded. As deck passengers to Shanghai the two white men were mobbed, and gave a good account of themselves, the officers of the ship being too cowardly to interfere. Here Mr. Franck caught in his hand the celestial blade that was intended for his heart, and James, with a strained back, was landed as a hospital case. Our author's way through Japan was embittered by constant surveillance. The police took him for a Russian spy, the curious throngs molested him frequently. The formidable *jiu-jitsu* he never encountered. It is his opinion that one American collegian can handle several Japanese policemen. Before accepting a verdict so flattering to our higher education one would like to know just what orders the Imperial police had in his case. A grim chapter is that which tells of the two months between Tokio and Victoria on the windjammer Glenalvon. Food, weather, and treatment were of the worst. Ten days Capt. Andrews beat about the Bay of Tokio to save a tug which he finally had to take. Once out, twenty-seven sails were successively carried away. It is a relief to be landed and out of such an atmosphere of sordid tyranny and resentment.

About two years from starting our author rode triumphantly into his native Chicago in charge of seven carloads of cattle. He brought back the camera which in the Siamese jungle had been pretty much his entire baggage—and costume. The photographs are a very acceptable commentary on the narrative. The book is not based on journals, but is the yarn spun in the first flush of recollection. Mr. Franck writes with vividness and humor. He commands the arts of the mimic, and his vagabonds, exotic Americans of many tongues and hues, native dignitaries of many rules and sects, fairly live before the reader. His achievement was extraordinary, calling for adroitness and courage at every turn, and his book is no common one.

Notes.

William De Morgan's "An Affair of Dishonor" has passed through the stage of final proofs, according to the announcement of Henry Holt & Co.

Scudder's "Fables and Folk Stories," Burroughs's "Squirrels and Other Fur-bearers," and Sherman's "Little Folk Lyrics" are to be printed by Houghton, Mifflin Co. in American Braille type for the blind.

Still another book on "The Tragedy of Hamlet" is soon to appear. Sherman, French & Co. announce the author as Henry Frank.

"The Birch Bark Roll," by Ernest Thompson Seton, and "Scouting for Boys," by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, are to be combined into a single volume by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The John Lane Company is to issue this month a new volume of verse by William Watson. The book takes its name, "Sable and Purple," from a poem which offers tribute to the late King and to his successor.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce "Siegfried," a new volume in the list of translations of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring"; an *édition de luxe* of "The Ancient Mariner," and a volume of essays by William P. Trent.

A complete biography of John Wilkes is being prepared by Horace William Bleakley, who is best known as the author of "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess."

Sturgis & Walton will bring out in the autumn "The Lady," a series of imaginary

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portraits, by Emily James Putnam; and a study of New York playgrounds, by Esther Singleton, "The Children's City."

A translation by Charles Recht of "The Clouds," a Bohemian drama in three acts, is announced by R. G. Badger.

The publisher, Eklund, of Stockholm, has in preparation a national edition of the works of the late King Oscar, which will contain, besides various essays and notes made during his travels, a translation of Goethe's "Tasso," and of Herder's "Cid," and epics and ballads.

Among the books soon to be issued by Henry Holt & Co. are an annotated edition of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by Prof. Moritz Levi of the University of Michigan, and a Spanish composition book by Dr. Crawford of the Unversity of Pennsylvania.

The *Academy* has recently changed hands, Lord Alfred Douglas having sold out to a syndicate, which henceforth will have entire control. By the change the *Academy* has also lost the services of T. W. H. Crosland.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, author, and editor of the Oxford Book of English Verse, is one of the recipients of Birthday honors. He is a strong Liberal. The newly made knights also include Dr. Alfred Hopkinson, vice-chancellor of Victoria University, Manchester.

The Macmillan Company has begun the publication of a library edition of Walter Pater's works, to be complete in ten volumes at two dollars the volume. The books show wide margins and large, clear type, and are in every way made pleasant to handle and convenient to read. So far three volumes have appeared, containing "The Renaissance" and "Marius the Epicurean."

It was inevitable after the furious success of Francis Thompson's posthumous essay on Shelley that we should have a volume of his stray papers. On the whole the little book including "A Renegade Poet and Other Essays," edited by Edward J. O'Brien, and issued by the Ball Publishing Company, was worth printing. Thompson's wit, as seen in the titular paper, is pretty thin, his rhetorical imitation of De Quincy in "Mœstitiæ Encomium" is rather flat, as is the imitation of Poe in "Finis Coronat Opus." But some of the critical papers are good, and the essay on "Paganism: Old and New," with its distinction between the real paganism of antiquity and its resuscitation by Christian poets, is decidedly worth preserving.

"Leaves," by Violet Clarke (London: Heinemann), is a memorial volume to a talented young gentlewoman, who, undertaking the social duties of an Indian presidency, showed uncommon tact and a rare capacity to grasp the native point of view. Her father, Sir George Sydenham Clarke, has brought together some twenty sketches, English and colonial, most of them humorous and descriptive, some of which had appeared in London journals. Obviously a large circle of friends may welcome such a collection. Outsiders will, we feel, merely note a certain fresh humor and a literary ambition pretty widely diffused among the more intelligent young women of the author's class.

Volumes XIII and XIV of Scribners' Memorial Edition of George Meredith bring us to the middle of the complete set, which is calculated to run to twenty-seven volumes, and to the novel, "The Egoist," which probably most Meredithians regard as the centre of his work. Other novels may have special attractions, but in "The Egoist" they think they come at the very heart of Meredith's views of life. The illustrations are three: The splendid photograph of the author taken by Harold Roller in 1888; Flint Cottage, Box Hill, Meredith's home during the last forty years of his life; and View over the Garden to Box Hill. The last-named picture gives the view from an upper window of a room in Flint Cottage, where he wrote before the building of the chalet.

Professor Münsterberg's robust, if not very subtle, vein of public comment has its admirers. They will doubtless welcome his new book of essays, "American Problems from the Point of View of a Psychologist" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). His subjects are The Fear of Nerves, The Choice of a Vocation, The Standing of Scholarship, Prohibition, and Intemperance, The Intemperance of Women—to wit, an undue pride in the frills of the mind and the milliner; Spiritualism—the exposure of Eusapia Palladino; the Market and Psychology, with especial regard to labelling and advertising; Books and Bookstores—the publishers are urged to combine to revive the true book store; and, finally, The World Language—an admirable exposure of the cheap fallacies behind the simplified spelling movement and a destructive survey of the pretensions of any language, artificial or traditional, to impose itself upon the world. Here is surely topical matter in plenty, and, since the American Woman is involved, contentious issues of spectacular attractiveness. In general, Professor Münsterberg is on the side of idealism against pragmatism, scholarship against dilettantism, rational moderation against fanaticisms of all sorts. He traverses for America something of the ground that Matthew Arnold plotted for England, and in a not dissimilar spirit. The difference is in amenity. Many will find a somewhat rasping quality in Professor Münsterberg's literary manner, which is all the more trying because he is so much in the right of the questions he treats. In part this unsympathetic effect may result from his writing in a language which, though astonishingly well mastered, is not his own; but were these essays put over into German there would still be, we feel, a sense of delicate issues somewhat ruthlessly and at times superficially dispatched. The most novel and valuable part of the book is the suggestion that by psychological experiment we can do much to detect aptitude, or its absence, for particular work. The mind that can efficiently tend a complicated loom is unfitted to manage a trip hammer. Experiment can determine who will work most efficiently on a typewriter with switch-keys, who on one with the double keyboard. Simple tests would weed out the men who ought not to drive locomotives or motor cars. Evidently this is a possibility of real importance. Applied psychology might actually do for us in charting aptitudes and disabilities what the old phrenology pretended to do. One would be glad to see the idea developed at greater length. Obviously, on Professor Münsterberg's showing, psychological tests should be offered to all beginners at trade schools. We find our author more inspiring in the laboratory than in a pulpit which he occupies with a somewhat incongruous mixture of dogmatism and jauntiness.

It is well known to all who have occasion to use the earlier reports and appendices of the Historical Manuscripts' Commission of Great Britain that some of the work was performed in a fashion not in accord with the historical standards of the present day. Consequently, a number of these volumes have been revised and reissued. Among the most important of them is Appendix iii of the Ninth Report, first published in 1884, and containing a calendar of the Sackville Papers. The first part of the reissue was published in 1904, and now the second and final part has appeared. The nature of the papers thus calendared is too familiar to call for comment here. It will be enough to say that they comprise the correspondence of Lord George Germain, secretary of state for the colonies from 1775 to 1782; that the revision has been made by Mrs. S. C. Lomas, and that in the new volume are large numbers of important additions, to which ample reference will be found in the preface.

An addition to the list of source-books for the study of American history is made by Prof. Samuel B. Harding of Indiana University in his "Select Orations Illustrating American Political History" (Macmillan). Professor Harding is undoubtedly right in holding that "a great part of a people's history, where self-government prevails, may be found in the speeches of its public men"; and his volume of extracts and abridgments will help somewhat to make available a class of historical material whose portentous bulk, joined often to comparative inaccessibility, has unquestionably repelled all but the most zealous teachers and students. With the way in which Professor Harding has performed his task, however, we feel less satisfaction. To say that the editor of a book of selections is entitled to the benefit of the doubt in all questions of inclusion or exclusion, is, of course, to utter only a platitude of criticism. The range in this case is certainly wide, reaching as it does from James Otis to Booker T. Washington, and the work of condensation has been skilfully done. We frankly think, however, that such documents as Washington's Farewell Address, and the inaugural addresses of Jefferson and Lincoln, are hardly to be classed as "orations" in any proper sense, or, for that matter, that they bear any such relation to the political history of their times as do, for example, Webster's reply to Hayne or the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Neither can it be said that Henry W. Grady's oration on the new South, or Booker T. Washington's Atlanta speech on the race problem, interesting as they are as examples of modern American oratory, exercised any special influence on the course of events, or contributed very directly to the formation of public opinion. The inclusion in the volume of an introduction on oratorical style and structure, together with some notes on the various speeches, both contributed by Prof. John M. Clapp of Lake Forest University, confirms us in the impression that the editor has often been guided in his selection quite as much by the oratorical interest of a piece as by its political significance.

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Popular works on Pilgrim history are numerous, but with the exception of "The Pilgrim Fathers" of Dr. John Brown, which gives disproportionate space to the English end of the story, nearly all have been written by Americans with American interests in view. Miss Winnifred Cockshott, of St. Hilda's Hall, Oxford, had an excellent opportunity, therefore, not of discovering new facts, but of recounting old ones for the benefit of English readers. Her proportions are good, the pages devoted to life in England, Holland, and America standing, respectively, in the ratio of about one, two, and three, while her desire to give adequate setting to her pictures leads her to furnish rather a broader outlook, particularly in what relates to Holland and the Dutch, than the reader will find elsewhere. She has made an honest attempt to understand and describe the institutional and economic life of the Plymouth colony and to avoid an excessive devotion to merely biographical details. Her work is to be commended as in the main well-written and accurate. Still, it is always difficult for an English writer to handle our colonial history with precision, and Miss Cockshott has contributed her sheaf of blunders. Her account of the settlement of Connecticut shows that she has not fathomed the mysteries of the Warwick Patent, the Saybrook colony, and the relations between Saybrook and Connecticut, while her implication that Vane, Peters, and the younger Winthrop took part in the Connecticut settlement betrays the hand of the novice. Miss Cockshott is evidently not familiar with some of the minor questions under discussion, such as the identity of Capt. Jones and of the Mayflower itself, and she manifestly knows nothing of the Bradford letter of 1623 or the suit of 1624, to which the Plymouth colony was a party, the papers regarding which throw light upon the early history of the colony. Her version of the passenger list of the Mayflower, intended to be an exact copy of that given by Bradford, shows many departures from the original manuscript. ("The Pilgrim Fathers"; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Prof. Henrik Schück, who has been paying a flying visit to this country as the representative of the University of Upsala, where he holds the office of rector magnificus, has been mentioned in these columns from time to time as the author of several volumes of essays. These he has grouped into two series, "Ur gamla papper," and "Ur en resandes anteckningar"; the essays collected in the former series, which has already reached the quite respectable number of eight volumes, deal with topics in Swedish and comparative literature, as well as with Shakespearean subjects, which have always greatly attracted Professor Schück since in the early eighties he published his life of Shakespeare, the only comprehensive work about that poet in Swedish. The other series contains, as the name implies, studies resulting from or written during his travels abroad. In 1884 he visited Rome for the first time, and nearly every summer since then he has paid longer or shorter visits to that city, always studying, always adding to his knowledge of its history. All the three volumes in this series contain Roman sketches; those in the two latest are to a certain extent connected, dealing with the excavation in the Forum, with legends about Virgil and St. Peter, and with the Swedish saint, Brigitta, who lived in Rome for nearly a quarter of a century.

The last few volumes of Oscar Levertin's "Skrifter" contain his early short stories, articles on Scandinavian and foreign literature, and, in the latest volume so far issued, a number of editorials from the Stockholm *Svenska Dagbladet,* now reprinted under the title "För och mot." Among the literary studies, most of them printed as book reviews in *Svenska Dagbladet,* those of French writers are the most interesting, particularly the series dealing with Anatole France. In "För och mot" we find Levertin's indignant protest against the awarding of the first Nobel prize in literature to the late Sully-Prudhomme, and two or three other articles in which he pays his compliments to the Swedish Academy and its leading man, C. D. af Wirsén. The volume contains also an interesting survey of Swedish belles-lettres during the reign of Oscar the second, and the prose-poem in which he surveyed the nineteenth century at its close. The opening essay is entitled "To Henrik Schück on his Fiftieth Birthday." Levertin hails, and rightly, his friend and former teacher as the first to introduce modern scientific methods into Swedish literary history, and as having taught the lesson that "in science there is nothing small except for him who sticks in the mud of small things," and, finally, as the preacher of humanism, who, though himself a modern *kulturmänniska* with the critical point of view of the nineteenth century, can speak with warm sympathy of "the dreams of the pious friar, or the tracts of the austere Lutheran theologian."

"L'Epopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole" (A. Colin, 330 pages, 3.50 francs), by Ramon Menendez Pidal of the Spanish Academy, is the French text in which the author delivered his lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. The interest of the matter was appreciated at the time. The book has a complete index of proper names and texts, and tabular analyses of each lecture, considerably enhancing its value for reference.

Dr. William James Rolfe of Cambridge, Mass., died last Thursday at the home of his son, Charles J. Rolfe, in Tisbury, Vineyard Haven, aged eighty-eight years. He was born in Newburyport, Mass.; spent his boyhood at Lowell, and was educated at Amherst, which he left at the close of his junior year in order to work in Maryland. He went back very soon to his native State as principal of Day's Academy at Wrentham. Here and at other schools where he taught, he commenced what afterwards became his mission in life, the teaching of English literature, a thing almost unheard of at that time. In 1859, Rolfe received the honorary degree of A.M. at Harvard, and in the following year went to live at Cambridge, where he spent the rest of his life. From 1869 to 1890, Dr. Rolfe was one of the editors of the *Popular Science News,* and since 1890 he had had charge of "Shakespeariana" in the *Critic,* besides contributing to the *North American Review, Poet-Lore,* and other literary and scientific periodicals. As an editor of school texts he is best known. In addition to his Shakespeare in forty volumes, a "Handbook of Latin Poetry," and the "Cambridge Course of Physics" in ten volumes, the last two works being prepared in collaboration with other editors, he brought out annotated editions of selections from the poems of Gray, Goldsmith, Milton, Wordsworth, and Browning; the "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and a complete edition of Scott's poems; the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Childe Harold," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King," and two volumes of selections from Tennyson's other poems, besides a twelve-volume *édition de luxe* of Tennyson, in the preparation of which, as in his previous editions of Tennyson, he had valuable suggestions and assistance from the poet and his son. He has also edited six volumes of a series of "English Classics" of a more elementary character, and he revised annually the "Satchel Guide to Europe."

Prof. Julius Jung, the historian, died recently at Prague, at the age of fifty-nine. Among his works are "Leben und Sitten der Römer" and "Römer und Romanen in den Donauländern."

Georges Berger, critic, essayist, and formerly professor of æsthetics and art at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts, died last Saturday, aged seventy-six years. He was a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute, and devoted most of his life to promoting the study of art. Besides contributing frequently on this subject to the *Journal des Débats,* he wrote in 1879 "L'Ecole française de peinture depuis ses origines jusqu'à la fin du regne de Louis XIV," and was a member of many public art committees.

Science.

The small book on "The Family Health," by Dr. Myer Solis-Cohen (Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.), may be commended as a good guide for the individual as well as for the family. The hygiene of the community and the household is briefly touched on, most of the book being given up to personal care and conduct. All the important points concerning clothing, food, drink, exercise, and rest are treated in a simple and sensible fashion, well calculated to develop a rational attitude towards daily problems. There is also a brief but sufficient statement of about all that the average layman needs to know concerning the treatment of disease. The author has no fads to advocate, and is unusually happy and clear in his presentation. Here and there perhaps a little more detail would be helpful, and an index would add to the usefulness of an excellent book.

"How to Keep Hens for Profit" (Macmillan), by O. S. Valentine, is a disappointment if one expects systematic treatment of fundamentals. The beginner who buys this book will find the plan fragmentary, while its phraseology will be beyond him, and most of its information obscure until he has had not merely instruction, but also experience, in practical poultry raising. When, however, he has reached the point where he begins to ask questions based on

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observation, and when he has mastered the poultryman's vocabulary, Mr. Valentine's book will be of value to him. It discusses the leading breeds of hens—giving a fair statement of the advantages of each—and considers new and unusual methods of many kinds. On diseases and present poultry problems the book is sensible and commands confidence, for Mr. Valentine has no fads to advance. His chapter on the Indian Runner duck is of much present interest. Considered as a Second Book of poultry-raising this is an excellent production, but no beginner can depend on it alone.

An extract from Voltaire, "Madame, songez à la santé surtout, c'est là ce qu' il faut vous souhaiter—la beauté, la grandeur, l'esprit, le don de plaire, tout est perdu, quand on digère mal; c'est l'estomac qui fait les heureux," was evidently well understood by the accomplished mistress of Tillypronie. She left sixteen notebooks of recipes gathered in several lands and from many chefs. It was her custom whenever anything good came upon the table to get the exact manner of cooking it from the maker; her recipes are accordingly reliable, practicable. It must have been an arduous task to select the best from such a mass of material, but Miss C. F. Frere has compiled a book, well indexed and admirably arranged, for the searcher after a particular manner of cooking an article ("The Cookery Book of Lady Clark of Tillypronie"; E. P. Dutton & Co.). And the recipes, though designed primarily for a large establishment, will give the keeper of a simpler ménage many new and delicious dishes. It is rather noticeable that in these days of abstemiousness from sweets almost a fourth of the book is composed of recipes for sweet dishes and puddings, besides the cakes and ices.

"Rock and Water Gardens," by the late F. W. Meyer (Country Life Library, imported by Scribner), in its opening chapter allays all prejudice by its unsparing condemnation of the formless upheavals on too many front lawns. Thus enabled to approach the subject dispassionately, the reader discovers that there are frequent conditions in landscape gardening which can best be met by rock gardens. The book is written to its illustrations, a careful study of which reveals the skill with which the finished garden is built up from its crude beginnings. Since it concerns itself with small gardens as well as large, the volume will bring to many householders the means of solving vexatious difficulties even on the two-acre lot, and should help to turn many bare or unsatisfactory corners into the most pleasing features of small places. The management of water and the beautifying of the average stone wall are also discussed here. A chapter has been added to the book on the heath garden, by W. Dallimore.

A national edition of the works of the Italian mathematician, Count Giulio Carlo di Fagnano, will be issued some time in the current year, and will include not only the "Produzioni matematiche" (now rare), but also other writings, both scientific and polemical, and important scientific papers recently discovered in the Biblioteca Oliveriana of Pesaro. In order that this edition may be complete, the committee in charge request that information regarding the existence in any public or private library of manuscripts, including letters on mathematical or scientific subjects, by this writer, be sent to the chairman, Prof. Vito Volterra, Via in Lucina, 17, Rome.

Dr. Johannes Gottfried Galle, the astronomer, died on Monday at Potsdam, at the age of ninety-eight. He is remembered as the first man actually to see Neptune. In 1846, after Leverrier had calculated that it must surely exist, Dr. Galle began a search for the planet, and on September 23 of the same year announced that he had found it. He contributed frequent articles to scientific periodicals, especially on comets, three of which he himself discovered.

Drama and Music.

The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Robert Russell Benedict. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1 net.

Although coming from the hands of a self-confessed layman, this monograph forms interesting reading, and is encouraging, because of the author's habit of turning, in case of any doubt, directly to the text of the play, instead of being influenced by preconceptions. For its main contention, the book expresses the belief that Hamlet's procrastination is to be explained by his desire, before doing anything else, to awaken his mother's conscience and to save her. To make this the chief cause for his distraction is doubtless to simplify Hamlet's character too much, and to do violence also to probability. For why should Hamlet not have believed that a speedy murder of the King would be the quickest way to bring his mother to her senses?

Mr. Benedict insists, further, that Hamlet, after having threatened "to put an antic disposition on," never really feigns madness at all; that his thought of feigning madness was suggested to Shakespeare by earlier forms of the story, and that Shakespeare after having inserted this detail saw later that a highly strung temperament, like Hamlet's, when wrought upon by such distressful circumstances, would of necessity furnish enough whimsicality of utterance to throw the King off the track without the help of any pose. In answer to this suggestion, one recalls Hamlet's words to the King with reference to the body of Polonius. It is hard to explain them except by the theory of feigning.

That Hamlet was well under thirty, the age ascribed to him by the grave-digger, is another point urged by Mr. Benedict. He finds that throughout the play, except for this one instance, the Prince is referred to as young, and believes that only extreme youth, that of nineteen or twenty, will account for Hamlet's idealism and impetuosity. He, therefore infers that the grave-digger's words are more than counterbalanced, and that they may have been inserted later with reference to the age of Burbage, the first reputed actor of this rôle. Here, again, the author is on perilous ground, and seems not to be aware of the loose way in which both "young" and "old" were employed in Elizabethan days.

Mr. Benedict tries in conclusion to prove to the world that he does not make an infallible idol of Shakespeare, and has strictures especially on the "To be, or not to be" passage:

In the first place, we must acknowledge that it adds nothing to the development of the story nor of Hamlet's character. It is plainly an interpolation, disturbing the continuity of the dramatic interest, for we last left the Prince planning for the play and intent upon the detection of the King and the performance of his duty. He now comes before us dreamily meditating upon the expediency rather than the moral right of a distressed soul to end its earthly troubles by suicide.

It has not occurred to the writer, apparently, that Hamlet has for the moment sunk to the depths of despair and is contemplating the thought of actually taking his life, rather than live up to the part which he must otherwise play. This lack of understanding is of a piece with a confusion, earlier in the book, caused by ignorance of the word "honest" in the sense of chaste.

In his "Studien über die Genealogie und Psychologie der Musiker" (Wiesbaden: Bergmann), Oswald Feis discusses the question of the origin and nature of musical talent from genealogical and psychological points of view. The fact that the wonderful ability of many distinguished musicians, Handel, Mozart, Bellini, and Richard Strauss, manifested itself in very early childhood would naturally suggest that it was inherited, but in scarcely a single instance have we any evidence of it, nor did these youthful marvels, in general, transmit to their posterity their own precocity. In only two or three families is such a tendency perceptible, notably in that of John Sebastian Bach, where it was operative in a greater or less degree for more than three centuries (1550-1869); also, on a much smaller scale, in the families of Puccini and Pfitzner. Neither Robert Schumann nor Richard Wagner belonged to the class of youthful prodigies, but it is hardly correct to state that their musical tastes and talents were recognized comparatively late in life, since both of them became conspicuous in this respect as students of the gymnasium. The assertion of Hegel that musicians are, as a rule, "poor in ideas," is regarded by Feis as wholly unjust, and the facts which he adduces in refutation of it may be accepted as authentic and conclusive. A prominent characteristic of musical composers is their untiring industry, which accounts for their remarkable productivity, even when they are subject to severe physical sufferings, like Chopin, or die an early death like Mozart and Schubert. This interesting series of psychological studies criticises in the concluding chapter Lombroso's theories of genius and insanity, and finds them due in a great measure to the distinguished psychiator's habit of observing the actions

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of men of genius through a magnifying glass and of thus making them appear abnormal and unsound.

Art.

Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler, with a preface by Jane Ellen Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

The study of Greek vases has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the professional archæologist. The average layman interested in Greek art has devoted his attention mainly to the appreciation of Greek sculpture and perhaps of Tanagra figurines; but Greek vases have not been popular. The reason for this cannot be said to lie in the vases themselves, since they contain rather the elements which one might have thought would make them appeal to any student. They satisfy the artistic sense, both by their beautiful shapes and by the spirited paintings with which they are decorated; and moreover the subjects of these paintings bring us into intimate contact with Athenian life, illustrating as they do the daily occupations of the people, as well as their mythology. And, though these vases belong to one of the "minor arts" of Greece, they are virtually our only means (with the exception of some painted gravestones) of obtaining any idea of the higher art of Greek paintings during that period, since none of the famous works of Polygnotos or Zeuxis have survived. The fault therefore lies not with the material itself, but with the treatment it has received. The books hitherto written on the subject have all been of so technical a nature that they have had little interest for the general reader.

Edmond Pottier, whose book appeared in French in 1905 under the title of "Douris et les peintres de vases grecs," has been the first to address himself to the reading public, and the success of his attempt is the best guarantee for the potential popularity of Greek vases. In a volume of less than a hundred pages and with twenty-five good illustrations, he gives a fascinating account of the life of the Athenian potters and of the methods of their work, and then proceeds to describe in detail the work of Douris, one of the best known of Greek vase-painters, selected as representative, both for the large number of vases signed with his name (twenty-eight), and because his work reflects the contemporary art of painting most fully. Nor is the popular element of the book its only attraction. Coming from the pen of so distinguished an archæologist as E. Pottier, it carries with it an authoritative weight which will appeal to the more serious student. Miss B. Kahnweiler has earned the gratitude of many for making this book accessible to the English-speaking public by her excellent translation.

"A bibliography of American books relating to prints and the art and history of engraving," by Howard C. Levis (London), is a privately printed book of eighty pages issued in an edition of 150 copies. The material was prepared for Bourcard's *Essai de Bibliographie* (recently noted in these columns), but is presented here with more bibliographical detail, such as full titles, with indication of lines, size of book, and notes. The entries are arranged on the dictionary plan, in one alphabet, with cross references from subjects to authors, twenty-six such references under "Book Plates," for instance. Errors and omissions appear to be surprisingly few in this well compiled and printed little volume.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will be held at Philadelphia from November 12 to December 11. The jury of selection consists of Colin Campbell Cooper, Ludwig E. Faber, Clara F. Howard, Amy Otis, and Mabel R. Welch; the hanging committee of Herman Deigendesch, Sarah Yocum McFadden, and Amy Otis.

Finance.

THE RECENT DECLINE.

There is reason to hope that the financial situation has about reached its period of convalescence. It would be futile to predict an early return to satisfactory conditions, but that affairs are at last headed in that direction seems a warrantable conclusion. The decline of anywhere from 15 to 50 points which the stock market has experienced in 1910 has a significance not to be ignored. Extraordinary measures have been applied to rectify an over-extension of credit, and the indications all are that the result is already highly beneficial.

The recent fall in securities came at the most opportune period. The great hysterical movements in the stock market are apt to come later in the year. The 1907 panic occurred in October, just at the time when the marketing of the crops is most active and when general industry is making its arrangements for a twelvemonth. The autumn of 1902 was another nervous occasion, owing to the fact that Europe had begun to distrust our credit and had served notice to our bankers, who were swinging a tremendous load of underwritings on foreign capital, that there must be widespread liquidation on this side of the Atlantic. The 1910 situation is an improvement on both 1907 and 1902, not only because the process of rectification has begun considerably in advance of the period of the year when the severest strain is made on the money market, but also because Europe's attitude toward us is less austere. Europe has found not a little to criticise in our stock market methods in the last two years, but the things she has seen there have really borne no comparison with those that excited her apprehension in 1907 and 1902. Credit has been overextended here, but with no such disregard of moral and economic considerations as in the two previous periods. The expansion of credit since 1907 has, in short, been mainly for the attainment of legitimate industrial ends, though we have not been wise enough to see that these ends could not be attained in the time we set for the task. Our precipitancy has been clearly attested by the events of the last few months, and particularly by the events of the last few weeks. Nevertheless, although most persons, both here and abroad, are to-day convinced that such a readjustment of conditions is necessary as will admit of a larger volume of business being done on a given amount of capital than in recent years, there is nothing like a general lack of confidence in the fundamental stability of our financial and industrial situation.

It is that fact that differentiates 1910 from 1907 and 1902 and 1893. There has been a great amount of speculation in the past year, but it has been for the most part built up on solid expectations, rather than on the froth of some earlier periods. The earnings of our railways have been of such magnitude as to incite speculation in Wall Street. It was a rash speculation, because it failed to take into account the coördinate facts of the financial situation, such as the inability of the banks permanently to finance an upward movement of such proportions, and the probability that higher wages and supplies would sooner or later deprive the railways of a very large part of the profit from their great increases in gross earnings. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the large railway earnings of the past year denote that we are a vast and expanding nation, from which the largest economic results can be expected in the future.

While it is regrettable that the Western land speculation should have been allowed to run to such extremes, it must be borne in mind that this, too, has been based on expectations of a most encouraging nature. An extraordinary amount of farm land has changed hands at greatly enhanced figures, resulting in a heavy drain on the supply of capital which is ordinarily at the disposal of general business. But this eagerness for farm lands has sprung from the palpable fact that agriculture is our most prosperous industry and seems likely to continue so. The margin between what our farmers produce and what our population consumes has diminished to such an extent as to raise predictions that we must shortly cease to be an exporting

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nation. That may or may not be a safe prediction. Taking a broad view, the recent craze for farm lands is an encouraging indication, for it undoubtedly points to a larger competition in agriculture, more intensive methods of farming, larger crops, and, in the end, it may be hoped, a decreased cost of living. Still, it is a fact that the movement has been at the expense of the general industry of the nation, more so than can be tolerated, despite the good results that may eventually be expected from it.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the financial situation of 1910 really differs in kind from that of 1907 and 1902 and 1893. There has been an over-extension of credit, but it has in no marked degree been the product of rascality or sheer folly. The people who have made such large drains on the money market have for the most part sincerely aimed to "deliver the goods." But it may be said of them, and of the banks who have so liberally supplied them with funds, that they have had zeal without knowledge. There has been an altogether unequal distribution of the working capital of the United States in the past year; and not only that, but more loanable capital has been allotted to industry than was warranted by the amount of gold at the disposal of the banks. That we are now all prepared to admit.

With such a drop as we have had in the stock market, with such a stoppage as has been put of late on the money drain to farm-land speculators, and with such a curtailment in manufacturing and general industry as has been under way for some weeks past, there is ground for the assertion that the nation is well on the way to a complete rectification of its economic situation. No doubt, much still remains to be done in abridging the chasm that exists between the purchasing power of the nation and level of prices fixed by the producers of the necessaries of life, but there is good reason to suppose that this can be accomplished without the accompaniment of hysterical conditions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Askew, A. and C. The Rod of Justice. Brentano. $1.50.

Baron, E. D. The Inscrutable Woman; an Autobiography, 1896-1910. Broadway Pub. Co.

Bridge, C. Sea-Power and Other Studies. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Butler, H. C., and Prentice, W. K. Syria. Pub. Princeton Univ. Archæological Exp. to Syria in 1904-5 and 1909. Leyden: E. J. Brill.

Carnegie, W. H. Churchmanship and Character. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Dawson, L. H. A Book of Battles and Sieges. Dutton. 50 cents.

Ellis, R. Professor Birt's Edition of the Vergilian Catalepton. Lecture del. at Corpus Christi College, June 3.

Harvard University. Quinquennial Catalogue of the Law School, 1817-1909. Cambridge, Mass.

Hawke's Systematic Telegraph Codes. London: Effingham Wilson.

Keane, J. A. Brambles and Twigs of Song. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Kerlin, R. T. Theocritus in English Literature. Lexington, Va.: Robert T. Kerlin. $1.50.

Lock, R. H. Recent Progress in the Study of Variations, Heredity, and Evolution. Second ed. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Moss, F. The Fifth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes. Didsbury, England: Fletcher Moss.

Phelps, R. S. Skies Italian. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

Ruley, C. N. The Confessions of Linda Poindexter. Broadway Pub. Co.

Sachs, H. Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays. Trans. by W. Leighton. London: David Nutt.

Sadler, S. H. Infant Feeding by Artificial Means. Third ed. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Savage, E. A. The Story of Libraries and Book-Collecting. Dutton. 75 cents net.

Scott, H. F., and Van Tuyl, C. H. A Cæsar Composition Book. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Seymour, C. Speaking in Public. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Sieveking, I. G. A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny. London: David Nutt.

Thompson, R. E. The Historic Episcopate. Phila.: The Westminster Press. $1.50.

Van de Water, V. T. From Kitchen to Garret. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.

Who's Who in America, 1910-11. Chicago: Marquis & Co. $5 net.

Withers, H. The Meaning of Money. Dutton. 3d ed. $1.50 net.

Young, D. H. First Aid to the Sick. Dutton. $1.25 net.

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